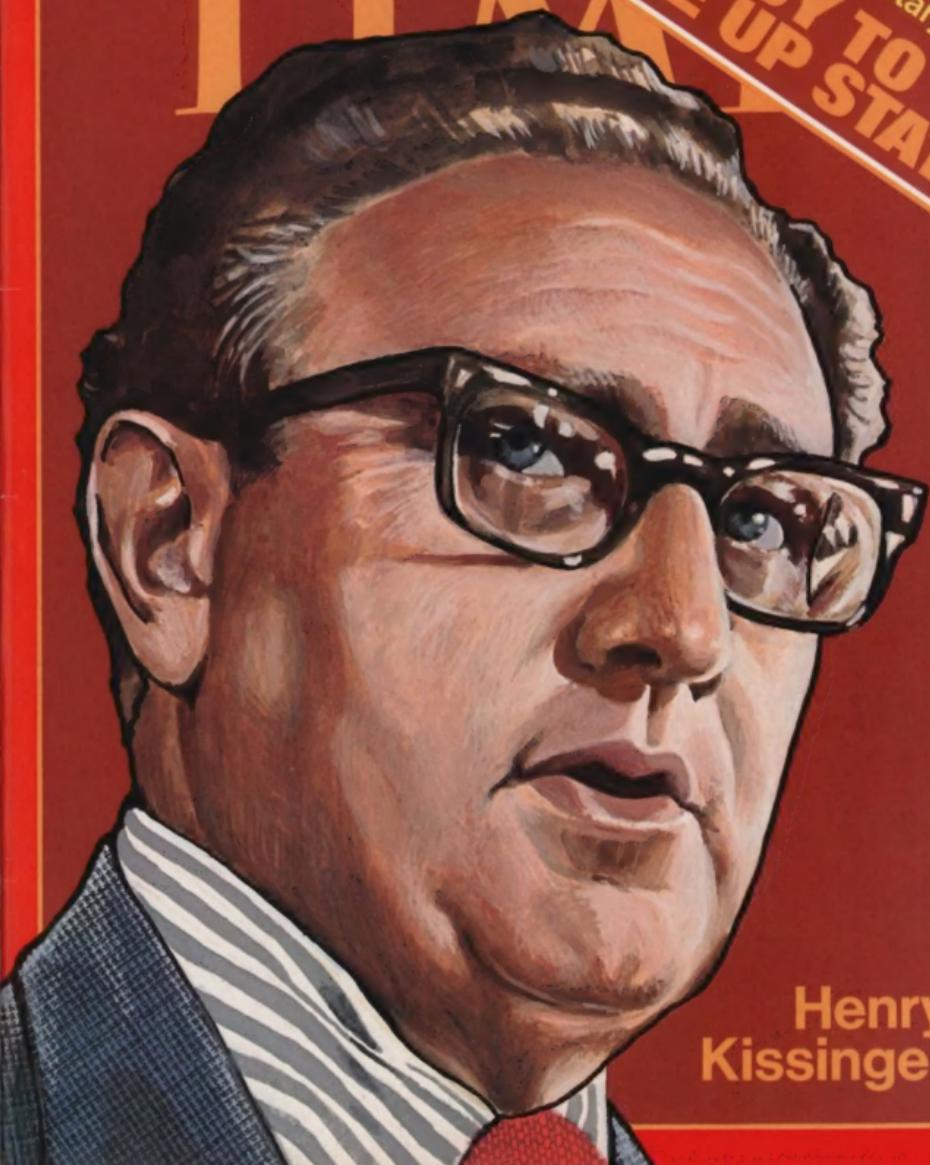


FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 3, 1973

TIME

The Super Secretary:
**READY TO
SHAKE UP STATE**



Henry
Kissinger

People either ask for Beefeater,
or they ask for gin.



With the nearest repairman 100 miles away from the ranch, Mrs. Royer really appreciates Maytag dependability.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA WASHERS, DRYERS, PORTABLE WASHERS AND DRYERS, DISHWASHERS, DISPOSERS.



Ken and Marion Royer, Leslie, Idaho.

"My Maytag Washer and Dryer are really used, every day in fact," she writes.

But in six years, she's seldom had to call a repairman.

"We live on a ranch in southeast Idaho and are located 100 miles, at least, in any direction from a town big enough to have repair service for anything," writes Mrs. Marion Royer, Leslie, Idaho.

"This has served to heighten my appreciation of a product that you can depend on," she continues. "My washer and dryer are really used, every day in fact . . . and on dirty, hard-to-clean laundry.

"We make our living from cattle and although they call manure 'green gold' in the corrals, ground into the knees of my husband's jeans—'gold it ain't.' Not to mention the grease and oil from the tractors and haying equipment and plain old Idaho dirt."

It takes 10 to 15 loads a week to keep her family in clean things, according to Mrs. Royer. But her Maytags take it all in stride and she has seldom had to call the repairman.

Of course, we don't say all Maytags will equal that record. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



MAYTAG
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

For a journalist, the job of covering the President of the U.S. is always a plum, but its size, color and flavor change with each occupant of the Oval Office. Dean Fischer knows this well. When he joined TIME in 1964 after earning a master's degree in history at the University of Chicago and spending four years as a reporter for the Des Moines *Register*, his first assignment was to help cover Lyndon Johnson during the busy election year. Later, he served in several of our bureaus, from Chicago to Nairobi, but he has been back at the White House since January.

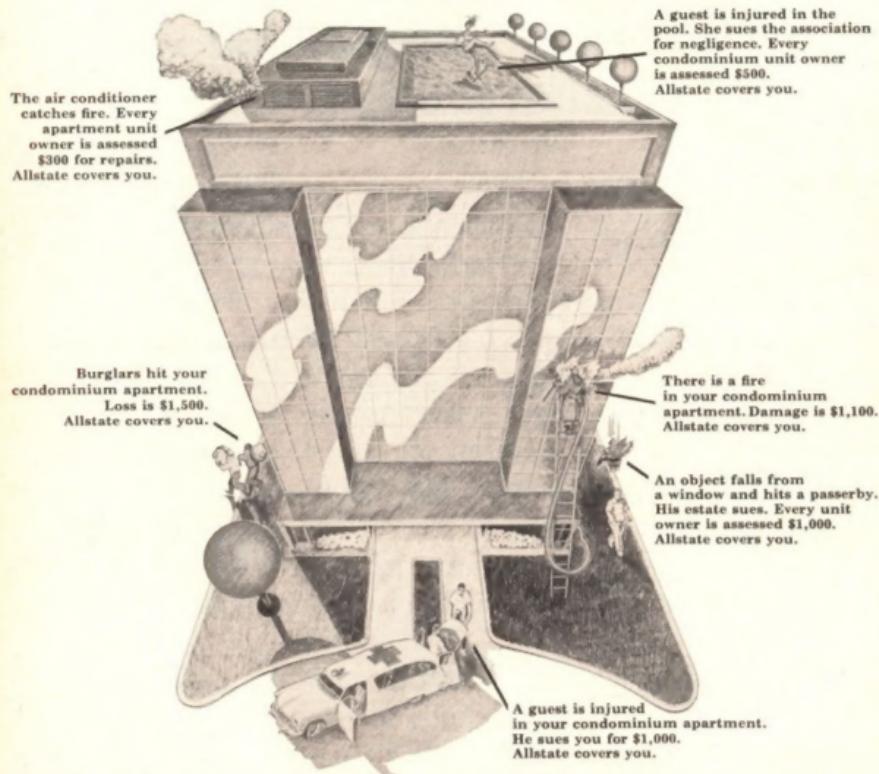
One of the big changes that Fischer notices is that never before has a White House correspondent had so many White Houses to cover. Fortunately, Richard Nixon's trips to Key Biscayne, Fla., and San Clemente, Calif., are announced in advance, and provision is made for correspondents to bring along their families (at their own expense, of course) on the chartered press plane. When the newsmen reach their sunny destinations, reports Fischer, "The press lodgings are usually splendid and spacious, but they are many miles from either of the presidential residences."

The distance between the President and the press has been more than geographical. "Nine years ago," Fischer recalls, "there was a feeling of intimacy and participation and mutual trust between White House officials and reporters that is absent now. In those days, we all gathered around Press Secretary George Reedy's cluttered desk and jostled for space in his cramped office. Now, we assemble in a large, well-appointed briefing room in the West Wing, where either Ron Ziegler or Gerald Warren—often as much as an hour behind schedule—mounts a platform, stands behind a lectern, makes the daily announcements and accepts questions." Says Fischer: "Johnson used to roam frequently around the West Wing, call reporters into his office for impromptu talks, and hold 'man-in-motion' press conferences as he strode around the White House lawn. Nixon, on the other hand, allows 'photo opportunities' only a few times a week and is more secluded than his predecessors."

Recently, however, Fischer has begun to detect signs of improvement. "Before Watergate, people in the White House frequently refused to make appointments and often neglected to return phone calls." Today, Fischer happily finds that such Nixon advisers as Alexander Haig, Melvin Laird and Bryce Harlow "are aware of the dangers of White House isolation in a way that Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman never understood."

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LETTERS

Hail Minnesota

Sir / Your rah-rah piece on the North Star State [Aug. 13] evokes memories and nostalgia—principally for those marvelous lakes. Surely you stirred a million of us expatriate Gophers to sing one chorus of *Hail! Minnesota*. But there was one grievous error about the Minnesota mosquitoes: it is the dive bombers that are half the size of the native anophelines, not vice versa!

HOWARD M. KAPLAN

Greenwood Village, Colo.

Sir / People think I am crazy when I refer to my home state as "God's country." Thanks for letting everyone know that Minnesota is truly all about the good life.

STEPHANIE PADGETT

Chicago

Sir / Camelots have fragile ecologies. I cherish the vision of my home state. Would you please rerun the part about the mosquitoes, and as an added favor throw in the January low-temperature figures and snowfall counts? Then maybe Minnesota will have the chance to remain the beautiful, tolerant, hearty state that I remain homesick for.

JOHN SHERMAN

Arlington, Va.

Sir / Except for New York City, for which I take no responsibility, New York is a pretty good state too!

DANIEL R. DWYER

Jamestown, N.Y.

Sir / I spent 21 years of my life waiting to get out of Minnesota. True, the lakes are blue, the sky is big, the air is fairly clear. But God, the place is unutterably dull.

It's a nice place to visit—in the summer—but I wouldn't want to live there.

M. THOMAS HINKEMEYER

Bayside, N.Y.

Sir / Maybe the reason Minnesota works is that the Governor goes fishing and lets private enterprise run things.

ART PHELPS

Davis, Calif.

Incisive Analysis

Sir / Stefan Kanfer's "Words from Watergate" [Aug. 13] is the most incisive analysis of the Watergate mess that I have yet read. How right he is in realizing that those tidy adjectives, nouns and verbs can soften the grossest indiscretions and crimes.

DENNIS M. DALMAN

St. Cloud, Minn.

Sir / Stefan Kanfer's Essay exposed another bit of hard truth concerning the Watergate mess. All the baleful sound and the bush in the Watergate mess was so perfectly embodied in the unfortunate breakdown in communication that it has been paralyzing the real function of our Government—representing the people by means of a general understanding of truth. I, like other proud Americans, have been disillusioned by this large scandal, but hope that the outcome of the hearings will only mean a great improvement in our Government's involvement with the American people.

KENNETH VANDERBEEK

Williamsaville, N.Y.

Sir / By setting the mighty linguistic engines of Shakespeare and the Bible against the bankrupt slang and pusillanimous euphemisms of the witnesses, Ervin is admittedly

using cannons against sparrows. But he is also constantly reminding us that the gap between language and truth has not always existed—and need not continue to exist.

J.E. RIVERS JR.
Lausanne, Switzerland

Lessons of Watergate

Sir / If there is anything to be learned from Watergate, it is that election campaign reform is past due. The most tragic consequence of the recent disclosures of political corruption is the erosion of public confidence in our elected officials.

Nothing short of complete elimination of all political contributions, to be replaced by adequate public funding, will restore the public's lost confidence.

BERT F. EDWARDS
Denver

Sir / Those opposed to the impeachment of President Nixon invariably contend that impeachment proceedings would accentuate the existing chaos in Government and do irreparable harm to the U.S. But failure to invoke such proceedings for the above reason will create a climate in which the President is above the law and free from congressional restraint.

The U.S. Constitution provides for impeachment as part of its system of checks and balances. Reluctance to invoke impeachment serves to negate that system. The Executive Branch of Government has become much too powerful. Failure to keep it in check and imbued with a sense of morality will prove disastrous to the nation.

VINCENT FIORI AND ISI
Locust Valley, N.Y.

Sir / Last November several people told me that if I voted for McGovern the morale of the citizenry would suffer, the country would be in a big mess, and there would be corruption in Government.

They were right—I voted for McGovern and all those things have come true!

(THE REV.) DONALD C. RUSHFIELD
Torrance, Calif.

Sir / Why is it that Americans are bent on making Watergate Nixon's Waterloo? Are you still in the what you want to do to the man who got you out of Viet Nam, made friends with the Chinese, lifted the Iron Curtain a bit—all within the past few years? Is this your way of saying thank you to a great leader who has done a lot for peace?

ALBERT M. SORIA
Davao City, Philippines

Prankster Tuck

Sir / Perhaps I have been oversensitized by Watergate, but I am not amused by Dick Tuck and his antics [Aug. 13].

Mr. Tuck's tricks are every bit as reprehensible as the Watergate break-in, albeit a great deal funnier on the surface. Politics ought not to be humorous, but it is serious business, and the manipulation of a candidate's campaign by outsiders is disgusting no matter who does the manipulating.

THOMAS A. PENN
Lansdale, Pa.

Nonsupport

Sir / Your reporters are more accurate than the White House staff, but not much more. I voted for Humphrey, not Nixon, in '68

[July 9]. My vote for Nixon was in '72—along with a few other Democrats who just couldn't swallow George McGovern.

I never campaigned for nor contributed a nickel to Nixon in any campaign for any office. Neither do I consider myself "a presidential supporter."

SAM M. LAMBERT
Washington, D.C.

Urban Homesteading

Sir / The title of your article "Ghetto Homesteaders" [Aug. 13] implies that the properties to be restored by Philadelphia City Councilman Joseph E. Coleman's Urban Homesteading bill are only ghetto properties. This is not true. These houses are found in neighborhoods throughout the entire city.

You also assert that the city is selling these houses "for \$1 apiece to anyone of limited income." The city charter states that city-owned properties are to be sold by bid. The bill complies with the rules of the charter: the bidding price for the houses and properties begins at \$1. Thanks to the sincere efforts of Coleman, a hard-working freshman councilman, the concept of urban homesteading may revolutionize the entire process of urban renewal throughout the nation.

KAREN E. RILEY
Philadelphia

Emergency Care

Sir / The improvement of in-hospital medical care is most encouraging [Aug. 13]. However, you should also point out that before the patient arrives at the hospital, emergency medical services are usually abysmal.

The ability of most communities to get to a patient quickly, to stabilize and properly treat him on the scene and to deliver

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Sept. 3, 1973 Vol. 102, No. 10

THE NATION



DERBY'S JAMES GRONEN

AMERICAN NOTES

Et Tu, Junior?

Is nothing sacred any more? Is there no area of American life beyond taint? Last week, for the first time in the 36-year history of the All-American Soap Box Derby, the winner was disqualified for cheating. James H. Gronen, 14, of Boulder, Colo., forfeited his first-place trophy and a \$7,500 college scholarship when X rays disclosed that his car had been rigged to unfair advantage.

It was no simple fix, either. An electromagnet in the vehicle's nose was connected by wire to a battery in the rear. The nose of each car lined up for the race rests flush against a hinged metal plate that drops forward into the asphalt at the start, allowing the vehicle to roll forward down the inclined raceway. As he settled back into his racer, Gronen's helmet touched off a lever that activated the battery and magnet, and as the metal plate fell forward the magnet's pull toward it gave his vehicle enough extra starting impetus to win. If that weren't enough, it turns out that Gronen's cousin, Robert Lange Jr., won the Derby last year, and both boys live in the same household. Boulder parents whose sons raced in last year's contest are now asking the local prosecutor if their boys were beaten in unfair competition. Said Ohio Summit County Prosecutor Stephen M. Gabalac: "It's like seeing apple pie, motherhood and the American flag grinding to a halt."

Topical Diagnoses

A bandit armed with a pistol entered the New York City office of a woman psychiatrist not long ago and robbed her. As he backed out the door he fired a shot, grazing the doctor on the head. Thrown into severe shock, she was taken to an emergency ward where the doctor on duty, trying to learn whether there had been brain damage, asked her: "Whom do Ehrlichman and Haldeman hate most?"

"John Dean," came the immediate reply, showing that the patient was clearly on the road to recovery.

A retired professor of international politics, while mowing his lawn recently in Washington, D.C., suffered severe shock when he became entangled in the live wires of his electric lawn mower. When he regained consciousness in the emergency ward, he did not know how many children he had, or recall that he was supposed to make a trip to California the next day.

"Do you know about Watergate?" the doctor asked him. "Of course," the man replied, "don't you?" The doctor turned to the patient's anxious wife and said: "He's going to be all right."

Crank Calls

Too often on the heels of progress come standardization, conformity and impersonality. The citizens of Bryant Pond, Me. (pop. 500) have decided to keep at least one automated evil at bay. The town is the last in New England to rely completely on a magneto crank telephone system. When the proposal to replace the magneto phones with modern equipment came before the public utilities commission recently, more than 200 townspeople showed up to defend the system.

Nearly all the town's 341 subscribers said that they relished cranking their telephones to signal the operator, since someone familiar was bound to be at the other end. The six local operators connect subscribers by name as readily as by number, and the 40 seconds or so it takes for them to put through a call constitute, for most of the townspeople, a gossiping interval to be savored rather than speeded up. Each local operator is at once town crier, rumor center and community commissioner of safety. How can a system that depends so deeply on amity and fraternity be compared with the hum, buzz and click of automated equipment? Said one resident: "Like the pelican, it may be forced into extinction. But I feel it is superior."



"It Was a Highly Unusual Situation"

The incident was brief and unimportant, in a week filled with other presidential news, but it gave the nation a rare glimpse of Richard Nixon, the man, reacting to the accumulated strains of many months. There was the President, striding up the ramp toward the Rivergate convention center in New Orleans, pursued by a cluster of reporters and TV cameramen. Suddenly, his face contorted in a burst of anger, he turned on his press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, who was following him. He seized Ziegler roughly by both shoulders, spun him round, and gave him a hard shove in the direction of his pursuers. "I don't want any press with me," he snapped. "And you take care of it."

This startling scene, viewed by millions over national television last week, provoked a flurry of comments and questions about the President's state of mind. Was the temper tantrum a sign that he might be buckling under pressure? "It was a highly unusual situation," explained Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren, "a difficult situation."

Hostile Queries. The shoving incident was doubtless a reaction to many months of agony. All Presidents have had to endure pressures of one kind or another, but probably none has borne a burden like Watergate, with all the related charges of malfeasance and general immorality. White House aides freely admitted that their boss had been "grim" and "tense," that he had experienced "disappointment" and "frustration." But they denied that his mood was affecting his performance as President. In a statement remarkable because of the very need for it, Warren told reporters: "There is no question in the President's mind and in the minds of those around him that he is capable of performing the functions of his office. He is leading the nation."

As best he could, Nixon tried to show leadership by once more seizing the initiative. He went to New Orleans to deliver a tough speech before the Veterans of Foreign Wars, in which he defended the secret bombing of Cambodia and said that he would be willing to do it all over again. After five months of sedulously avoiding the press, he held a news conference in San Clemente, where he announced the departure of Secretary of State William P. Rogers and the nomination of his successor, Henry Kissinger, Nixon's longtime adviser on foreign affairs and the architect of his foreign policy. Not even reacting to the announcement, the press assailed the President with a barrage of harsh and hostile queries.

At least part of Nixon's general irritation may have been caused by the week's most peculiar and confusing event—or non-event: the discovery by

the Secret Service of a "serious" conspiracy to assassinate Nixon in New Orleans (see page 12). The President had planned on this trip to mingle with the people and seek some reassurance that they still supported him. But his aides and the Secret Service were sufficiently alarmed by the threat of danger to talk him out of appearing in the open. A planned motorcade was canceled, and Nixon was whisked to the convention hall in a closed car. "He was very disappointed," said an aide. "It made him fairly tense."

That tension did not abate when Nixon arrived onstage. After having been presented with a peace award, he said nothing at all for a few seconds, as

—he had a feeling of depression, and this depression was because he had seen brave men die on both sides."

When Nixon arrived at the Western White House in San Clemente later that day, his mood was still stormy. He was met by his secretary, Rose Mary Woods, who greeted him by saying, "We prayed for you." Nixon was overheard to answer: "They canceled. They'll never cancel another time." Reporters took this to be a reference to his irritation at the rerouted motorcade in New Orleans, but White House Spokesman Warren later told them that Nixon was talking about a different, private matter. Nonetheless, reporters pressed for more details about the President's unusual be-



"Edgy? Who's Edgy?"

if he were not sure what to do. When he realized that it was time to speak, he turned his back on the audience, made an exaggerated, impresario-like bow to the guests onstage, and fairly bounded to the lectern. Occasionally, as he spoke, he slurred his words or mispronounced them. His animated gestures sometimes seemed to be unconnected with his speech.

Still, he made his points forcefully. The bombing of Cambodia, he said, had been "absolutely necessary" to save American lives. U.S. planes, he insisted, had raided only a 10- to 15-mile border strip that was occupied exclusively by North Vietnamese troops. To call such an area neutral was "simply ludicrous." It was also "absurd" to criticize the secrecy surrounding the strikes. But the President ended his speech on a vaguely conciliatory note. He reached back into history to comment on the Duke of Wellington: "After every battle which he won—he did not lose any

behavior. Was he taking any kind of medication that might account for it? Warren said he was not.

After reporters had gathered for Nixon's surprise press conference on the sunny cliffs of San Clemente, the President started out nervous, ill at ease, his face lined with fatigue and his voice occasionally quavering. But he gradually warmed to the challenge, and for almost 50 nerve-racking minutes he was by turn edgy, bantering, combative. He fended off his foes by supplying some details here, omitting some there, needling the reporters themselves—and giving some blunt answers. Asked how much blame he accepted for the climate of Watergate, he snapped back: "I accept it all." Asked whether he had any thought of resigning, he sharply retorted: "The answer is no." When the ordeal had ended, it was widely acknowledged that Nixon had not done himself any harm.

By week's end the President had

THE NATION

demonstrated that he was not only fighting back, but that he was also restructuring his Administration to meet the crisis of Watergate. His appointment of Kissinger was the clearest indication to date that he means to enhance the importance of his long-enfeebled Cabinet and to give more independence to the men who work for him. Kissinger's new assignment, the President said, would "get the work out in the departments where it belongs." He thus served notice that he was opening up the hermetically sealed White House of John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, who had often prevented even Cabinet members from gaining entrance to the Oval Office.

For all the President's efforts to get back to business, Watergate pressures are not likely to subside any time soon. The public remains skeptical about his involvement in the scandal, as the lat-



NIXON APPEARING BEFORE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS IN NEW ORLEANS

est Gallup poll indicates. After his nationally televised speech on Watergate on Aug. 15, approval of Nixon's performance as President rose from 31% to 38%, but 58% of the people who viewed the speech said that they were not satisfied with it. The Senate hearings reopen this month, and there are likely to be ample further causes for presidential tension.

But the President's puzzling behavior during the week is not necessarily symptomatic of a loss of control. As Psychiatrist Walter Tucker of Boston's Lahey Clinic observes: "It is certainly natural for people to show signs of stress when they are under stress. There would be something wrong with them if they did not." Adds New York Psychiatrist Alvin Goldfarb: "In the past, Nixon has been able to show a remarkable ability to marshal his forces and to continue with admirable tenacity." That quality has not yet been placed in serious doubt.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Savage Game of 20 Questions

"It will be like throwing red meat into the lions' cage," a Washington correspondent predicted, imagining the mood of President Nixon's then still-to-be-scheduled first press conference since Watergate blew up into a major scandal. When the President finally summoned reporters to a confrontation at San Clemente last week—after deciding, out of some mysterious love of surprises, to give scarcely an hour's notice—they were ready to pounce. The result was the most grueling public interrogation of a President in memory.

Hardly had the newsmen scrambled to the Western White House compound when the President appeared and announced, with a quiver in his voice, that

scandal is somehow not the business of the people—and the press. Nevertheless, in fielding one question after another about that business, Nixon gave not an inch. The highlights

ON HIS SECRET TAPES. Nixon said that both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson had had "the capability" for taping conversations. Implying that he had early recognized the possible risks of com-



NIXON AT PRESS CONFERENCE

his old friend Bill Rogers had resigned as Secretary of State and that Henry Kissinger was being named to replace him. Normally, such news would have prompted numerous follow-up questions. This time, having been deprived of presidential give-and-take for so long, the reporters ignored Nixon's announcement and zeroed in on stories that they thought he had been avoiding. Of 20 questions put to the President—some with a hostility that bordered on rudeness—no fewer than 16 involved Watergate and directly related matters. Two others concerned Vice President Spiro T. Agnew's legal troubles, another concerned assassination attempts, and a final query centered on the Cambodian bombing. Of this single-mindedness, the President complained at one point: "We've had 30 minutes of this press conference, and I have yet to have, for example, one question on the business of the people." The extraordinary implication was that the Watergate

promising confidential conversations—his principal argument now in refusing to give up tapes relating to Watergate—Nixon said that he had originally ordered the taping system dismantled. On the advice of aides, he said, a system was later reinstalled to provide a record for the future.

ON IGNORING GRAY'S WARNING: Nixon said that he could not remember the exact words that Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray had used when Gray warned him that certain White House aides were trying to "mortally wound" the President by interfering with the FBI's investigation of Watergate. Nixon implied that he had not regarded the

phrase, if it was used, as particularly significant, and he added that he thought Gray was referring to the possible danger of compromising a CIA operation. That was why, he said, he simply told Gray to press on with the investigation.

ON THE HALDEMAN PLAYBACK. Nixon contended that former Chief of Staff H. R. Haldeman heard only one presidential tape after his resignation. Nixon did not explain why Haldeman was permitted to have possession of several other tapes during the same period, as Haldeman has testified he did. Moreover, the President offered no reason why his former aide should be any more entitled than the Ervin committee or the courts to review "absolutely correct" data.

ON MITCHELL'S SILENCE. Nixon said that former Attorney General John Mitchell had "expressed great chagrin" for his failure to run "a tight enough shop" later the Committee for the Re-Election of

al? Said Rather: "You are a lawyer. Could you give us some reason why the American people should not believe that that was at least a subtle attempt to bribe the judge?" Nixon replied tartly, "I would say that the only part of your statement that is ... accurate is that I am a lawyer." He then attempted to explain the incident by saying that then Attorney General Richard Kleindienst had recommended Byrne as the best man for the FBI job, and that Byrne had made the decision to discuss it.

ON THE INVESTIGATION OF AGNEW. Nixon expressed confidence in Agnew's "integrity" but refused, as before, to provide a blanket endorsement of his second in command (see page 24).

ON BREAK-INS. Since Nixon had explicitly authorized a 1970 intelligence plan that included illegal break-ins and mail surveillance, he was asked whether, if he still served in Congress, he would con-

without the knowledge or approval of either the President or the Attorney General. The FBI's "bag jobs" were mostly attempts to obtain material to break the codes of foreign governments (inevitably, the agency imbued its own efforts with a code name: the Anagram Program) or to tap the telephones of organized-crime figures. Some of the burglaries directed against Mafia types were authorized by various Attorneys General, but J. Edgar Hoover apparently never revealed the full scope of FBI burglarizing to his many bosses. Hoover eventually decided in 1967 that surreptitious entries should be discontinued because they posed more of a risk to the FBI's reputation than he wished to take.

The last question, another rude one, was whether Nixon felt he owed "an apology to the American people" for lying about the bombing of Cambodia. Nixon snapped: "Certainly not." He added: "I think the American people are very thankful that the President ordered what was necessary to save the lives of their men and shorten this war—which he found when he got here, and which he ended." On that ringing note, he closed the press conference, walking briskly away even as U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas was uttering the traditional words "Thank you, Mr. President."

Most Unsatisfied. Throughout the cut and thrust, Nixon tried determinedly—and for the most part successfully—to appear unruffled by the reporters' tactics. He even assured them that "I'm not criticizing the members of the press, because you naturally are very interested in this issue (Watergate)." However, he reiterated his contention that the story has been overemphasized. Asked whether he still had the capacity to govern, Nixon said that "to be under a constant barrage—twelve to 15 minutes a night on each of the three major networks—tends to raise some questions in the people's minds with regard to the President." Furthermore, he said, "most of the members of the press corps were not enthusiastic" about his re-election, and as a result, some were trying to "exploit" Watergate.

Certainly Nixon failed to add enough new information to what he had previously said about Watergate to satisfy most reporters. Clark Mollenhoff of the Des Moines Register and Tribune, who worked for the Nixon Administration until mid-1970, called Nixon's performance a "snow job." But White House aides were delighted. "It was all I hoped it would be and more," said one. Another bragged: "The Old Man obviously handled himself superbly." Some newsmen agreed. "He added nothing new," said James Deakin of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, one of Nixon's harsher questioners. "But to borrow a phrase from John Ehrlichman, I suspect it'll play in Peoria." Aides said that the President was so pleased with his performance that he may soon invite the press back for more.



TAKING QUESTIONS FROM SOME UNUSUALLY AGGRESSIVE NEWSMEN

the President, of which Mitchell assumed command in April 1972, and that some of the boys, as he called them, got involved in this kind of activity." But as to why Mitchell had failed to give him a complete accounting of the Watergate break-in, Nixon claimed, somewhat oddly, that this was understandable because if Mitchell had spoken out, "I would have blown my stack—just as I did at Ziegler the other day." The reply brought a round of laughter; it also enabled Nixon to escape further interrogation about the incident.

ON THE OFFER TO JUDGE BYRNE. CBS's Dan Rather got into a verbal joust with the President. (Rather: "I want to state this question with due respect to your office . . ." Nixon: "That would be unusual.") Why, Rather continued, had he and John Ehrlichman summoned Judge Matthew Byrne to San Clemente to discuss Byrne's possible appointment as FBI director at a time when Byrne was presiding over the Daniel Ellsberg tri-

sider impeachment proceedings against a President who had thus violated his oath of office. Nixon bristled, but held his temper in check. Citing the President's "inherent power to protect the national security," he denied that he had violated his oath of office. Furthermore, he charged, "burglarizing of this type took place" during both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations and yet "there was no talk of impeachment." Nixon declared that Robert Kennedy, as Attorney General, had authorized far more national security wiretaps than were authorized under either the Eisenhower or Nixon Administrations.

Because records of such activities are highly dubious, there is no way to verify the President's numerical claims. Nixon was factually correct in maintaining that frequent burglaries occurred during previous Administrations. What he failed to mention, however, is that the great majority of the missions were undertaken by the FBI



EDWIN GAUDET BEING ARRESTED AFTER A TWO-DAY MANHUNT IN NEW MEXICO

CRIME

The New Orleans Plots

Nearly a decade has passed since John Kennedy was slain in Dallas, but the specter of assassination still haunts the presidency, and above all those charged with its protection. Though most of the 300 threats received by President Nixon each year are from cranks, all are regarded as serious until investigated and proved otherwise. Just how serious was demonstrated last week in New Orleans when, because of two alleged plots, President Nixon's planned open-car motorcade down bustling Canal Street was abruptly canceled on the recommendation of the Secret Service. One cause for suspicion focused on a group of Black Panthers who had allegedly met and discussed the President's assassination. The other concerned an eccentric 29-year-old ex-policeman, Edwin M. Gaudet.

Eager to step into his news conference later in the week with as much public support behind him as possible, Nixon had been anticipating a good reception from the noontime New Orleans crowd. Only reluctantly did he agree to the Secret Service's demand that the parade be canceled. Yet a string of unusual events in the hours before his visit suggested that prudence was indeed in order.

The first incident concerned several white men, all said to be armed, who were reportedly moving into the Parkchester Apartments, a low-rent black housing complex in northern New Orleans. Armed with rifles and shotguns, the police raided the apartments, only to find that their suspects had fled. Police later theorized that the men had been common burglars and hold-up men, not would-be assassins. Then at 10:30 p.m. on the eve of the President's visit, a police uniform, badge and nameplate were mysteriously stolen from a parked car. Three and a half hours later, the official car of Po-

lice Superintendent Clarence Giarrusso was itself stolen. Though both the thefts were eventually believed to be minor and unrelated crimes, they seemed at the time to confirm the wisdom of the Secret Service's caution, which had been inspired by the two quite disparate, earlier supposed threats:

THE PANTHER PLOT. Earlier this month, New Orleans police received tips from the predominantly black central city area concerning possible trouble during the Nixon visit. Despite attempts to verify the rumors, law officers could come up with no substantial evidence. Then three weeks ago a paid informant reported a meeting of six Black Panther militants. The informant had not been present, but had been told that assassination plans were discussed and a gun "changed hands." Police Superintendent Giarrusso informed both the FBI and the Secret Service of his information and turned over to both bureaus the names of the six men.

The federal agents requested that Giarrusso put the suspected six "in the freeze" until the President's visit was over. Giarrusso, explaining that his informant had not even witnessed the meeting and that his evidence was hearsay at best, refused. "If you want them arrested," Giarrusso told the Secret Service, "then you arrest them. We have no grounds." Instead he agreed to keep close watch on all six suspects, and the Secret Service obtained arrest authorizations for the six from a U.S. magistrate, making pickups possible at the slightest hint of trouble. But the six suspects made no moves to carry out any action against Nixon, and there was doubt that they had ever intended any.

THE GAUDET CONNECTION. The strange tale of Edwin Gaudet, a bearded former New Orleans policeman, began with a report to police by a woman informant. Gaudet, she alleged, had come into a Canal Street all-night drugstore on Aug. 15 and declared that "some-

THE NATION

body ought to kill President Nixon. If no one has the guts, I'll do it." Gaudet's bizarre background lent special credence to his boast.

A former prizefighter and the son of a New Orleans hotel manager, Gaudet had quit the force in 1967 after an off-duty brawl in a French Quarter bar. He had been arrested in August 1970 for burning an American flag on the steps of city hall. He was arrested almost three months later for throwing a burning American flag across the hood of Nixon's limousine on an earlier presidential visit to New Orleans. Though his arrest again just last month for possession of marijuana was his third criminal charge, Gaudet received only a suspended sentence. Subsequently sent to the psychiatric ward of a Louisiana state hospital, he was released by his doctor and assigned to outpatient treatment.

On the informant's tip a search was mounted for Gaudet, but by the eve of President Nixon's visit he still had not been found. Finally, acting on advice from Gaudet's father, Secret Service agents in New Mexico located their man at a nearly abandoned commune north of Taos. When plainclothesmen attempted to serve the arrest warrant, Gaudet panicked and fled for the hills, taking with him a 30-06 hunting rifle, food and extra clothes. For two days the fugitive eluded capture in the densely wooded Sangre de Cristo Mountains, at one point exchanging gunfire with approaching agents.

Secret Service Agent John Paul Jones, who was directing local and state police and federal agents in the manhunt, persuaded Gaudet's wife and his cousin to drive into the foothills and try to talk the fugitive into surrender. After the two had made three trips into the hills and spent some 20 hours in discussion with Gaudet, he finally agreed to give himself up. Looking tired and apprehensive, and sandwiched between his wife and cousin in a battered pickup truck, Gaudet came down from the hills and was arrested.

Despite his surrender, Gaudet, his wife, and friends maintained that he was a victim of mistaken identity, that he had not even been in New Orleans on Aug. 15. Two days after his arrest, the original charges against Gaudet were dropped when the witness to his alleged threat was unable to identify him under oath as the man she heard in the drugstore. Immediately after his dismissal from federal court custody, Gaudet was arrested by state police and charged with three counts of aggravated assault on a police officer with intent to commit a violent felony. The charges stem from the exchange of gunfire with the police in the hills, and Gaudet stoutly maintains that he fired only once to frighten an agent, "not to kill him, but to warn him, to make him fall back." Nevertheless, if brought to trial and convicted, Gaudet could face sentences adding up to 165 years in prison.



HENRY KISSINGER AT WORK DURING PARIS PEACE NEGOTIATIONS LAST YEAR



DURING 1972 REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

FOREIGN RELATIONS/COVER STORY

A Super Secretary to Shake Up State

The momentous decision was announced in, of all places, a swimming pool. Julie Nixon Eisenhower telephoned Henry Kissinger and asked whether his two young children would like to come over for a dip at the Nixon's San Clemente estate. Indeed they would. A little later, Julie called back and asked Kissinger to come along too. So Kissinger and his children were contentedly paddling around in the pool, behind the expensive bulletproof windscreen, when Nixon himself appeared in his trunks and strolled out into the afternoon sunshine. He got into the pool and then said to Kissinger, "Why don't you and I go down to the other end?"

Stunning News. The two men splashed to the shallow end of the pool. Kissinger took a seat on the steps, half in and half out of the water, while the President stretched out and floated on his back in front of Kissinger. Then Nixon gave him the news. "If you will let me," said the President, "I would like to nominate you for Secretary of State tomorrow."

No matter how prepared Henry Kissinger may have been for that moment, it still stunned him. He had heard the rumors ever since last year's election: that Secretary of State William P. Rogers was ready to resign and that the President was thinking of making Kissinger his top foreign policy adviser in name as well as in fact. A few weeks ago the President had told Kissinger that Rogers wanted to resign, and he had asked Kissinger's opinion about several possible successors. Later, when Kissinger mentioned that he had been planning a trip to Europe, Nixon cautioned him: "You'd better not make any

travel plans for the next month or so. I'll need you close by." But none of this had altogether prepared Henry Kissinger for the news that he, an immigrant, a Jew, a professor who still spoke English with a marked German accent, was about to become the nation's 56th Secretary of State. He told the President—what else could he say?—that he certainly had no objection to his name being submitted to the Senate for confirmation. Then, still in the pool, the two men talked about problems ahead

In one sense, of course, Kissinger's nomination was simply a confirmation of the true state of American diplomacy. It was Kissinger, the theorist of a Bismarckian balance of power, who had created the intellectual framework for Nixon's greatest achievements in foreign policy, the new détente with China, the progressive improvement of relations with the Soviet Union and, finally, the truce in Viet Nam. It was Kissinger, too, who personally brought those theories into reality in an endless

The Response: "It Gives Me Faith"

The world's problems seemed far away as Henry Kissinger sat at a small table outside his San Clemente office. The sun was bright, the air cool and clear. Flowers ringed the small patio, and beyond the immaculate lawn lay the blue Pacific. From this tranquil outpost, the world looked peaceful. Watergate seemed manageable, the Congress friendly, and the press tame. But Kissinger's strength is that he knows all this is deceptive. The real world is not so idyllic, and Kissinger wants to get back into the real world as fast as he can.

In an interview with TIME's Hugh Sidey, Kissinger spoke carefully. He must still face the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and be confirmed. He did not want to talk plans and programs, techniques and hopes, grand ideas for his New World. He was obviously rather awed by his new nomination and yet not the least bit afraid of it. A German-born Jew, unproper-

tied, unelated and unimposing, Henry Kissinger seemed ready to move toward the pantheon of national greats

"I have been heartened by the response to my nomination," he told Sidey, "by telephone calls from people who have disagreed—Averell Harriman, Mac Bundy, John McCloy. It makes me hope we can really unite this country. There are elements of a truly constructive period ahead. If we don't tear ourselves to pieces domestically, we can build something that will last beyond this Administration. It must be built on previous Administrations too. We have brought some major changes, but some of them were open only to us. But they wanted what we wanted."

"In many ways it is a great paradox. It gives me faith in the history of this country. Back there, we would have said that the least likely man elected to do all these things would be Richard



KISSINGER HOLDING PRESS CONFERENCE AT SAN CLEMENTE

series of secret flights and exhaustive negotiations in Peking, Moscow, Paris. Secretary of State Rogers traveled to official conferences and presided over the traditional routines of foreign affairs.

Yet, although Kissinger's accession to power in the State Department is a formalization of his key role in Nixon's Administration, it can hardly help bringing profound changes in the conduct of American foreign policy. In the White House, as the President's personal adviser on national security affairs, Kissinger could concentrate on certain specific problems; as Secretary of State he must confront the whole world. The secret negotiations in Communist capitals have left America's traditional allies in a state of unease; the old ties

need to be reconstructed. The "Year of Europe," which Kissinger himself proclaimed as one of his top priorities, has hardly begun, and yet the calendar year is nearly over. In the Middle East, which Kissinger has largely avoided, new initiatives are needed. Latin America, too, is once again in a state of turmoil that can hardly be ignored. And even in the fields that Kissinger has made his own, he himself has expressed a desire for what he calls "institutionalization"—a process by which fragile one-man accomplishments can become the cornerstone of future policy, to be carried on by his successors. With his wide experience, his considerable prestige and his special position in the White House, Henry Kissinger, just turned 50, will be

Nixon. But he has done them. What is important is that he did.

"I realize that we can't put Watergate behind us. But I hope now that we can treat it as a cancer that has been excised, and the wound will take a long time to heal. If we can get the country thinking about the future, that it has a future, then we can leave something behind. That is the positive thing I see. Somehow I think it will happen.

"We have a lot to do. We want to revitalise our relationships with our friends in Europe and Japan. The Middle East is probably the most dangerous spot. I still hope that we can find a basis for negotiations between the parties there. I intend to make a major effort to reinvigorate Latin American policy. We will work to maintain the settlement in Indochina within the limits now prescribed by Congress. It is the first time since the war that we have had a world that is at peace. We will be judged by whether or not we can make this the natural state of things

"I plan to see what I can do to bring the Senate Foreign Relations Committee into the conceptual area of foreign policy so that they do not have to make ad hoc decisions. I had lunch with [Chairman J. William] Fulbright three weeks ago, and he said then he would welcome this development [the nomination]. If I am confirmed, I hope to get a few dedicated men in the State Department in key areas and develop a sense of excitement that will last. Great Presidents have done that. They made public service an adventure. You go back now and read some of the things they said, and the content doesn't matter so much as the attitude. When I was a professor, I didn't mind too much if my students forgot the details. What was important was that they got a sense of what really mattered. Then they could teach themselves.

"The perception of ourselves in this nation must change now. We are no longer self-sufficient. One-half of our energy will soon be coming from

a sort of Super Secretary, uniquely equipped to shake up the old systems and reach his ambitious goals.

On the domestic side, Kissinger faces problems that he has never encountered before. The first is in his relations with Congress, which has long chafed over the fact that Kissinger has been immune to legislators' questions. When Nixon announced the nomination at his press conference last week, he emphasized that Kissinger would stay on as his personal adviser in order to achieve "a closer coordination between the White House and the departments." Kissinger will therefore have offices in both places—and greater powers than any Secretary since John Foster Dulles. At his own press conference the next day, Kissinger sought to allay any suspicions that he might try to take advantage of his dual position to avoid congressional scrutiny. On the contrary, he promised, he will testify freely and conduct an "open" foreign policy.

First Team. Nixon urged the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to "move expeditiously" to confirm Kissinger's nomination at hearings next month. The Senators admire the new appointee's talents, but they are not without misgivings. They are expected to subject Kissinger to close interrogation, not only about his views on foreign affairs but about his acquiescence in the wiretapping performed on several members of his own staff. In the end, though, Kissinger will undoubtedly be confirmed, as he deserves to be.

Kissinger's other domestic problem concerns his new subordinates—that vast empire of 12,000 diplomats, code clerks, economic analysts, secretaries and linguists known collectively as the State Department, or Foggy Bottom or, in Kissinger's own term, "the bureau-

abroad. All of our exports soon will pay only for the raw materials we must import. Our agriculture products now have to be thoughtfully allocated. Take the wheat deal, for which we have been criticized. Our intelligence was faulty. But there was not a thought by anyone that we would not have enough wheat. Our whole orientation—by Congress, by farm experts, by businessmen—has been to sell it when we could. We must rethink where we are.

"We face problems now that no past generation has faced, they are common problems of humanity. They are food, energy, environment, communication. Up until Western imperialism, there was no world history. There was only regional history. When we talk about the Roman Empire, we talk about people who hardly knew the Chinese existed. Most great cultures developed independently. Now we are in close contact each day, yet it is a fact of our existence that we have never really assimilated. Yes we must rethink where we are."

THE NATION

cacy." Bill Rogers is genial and placid, a gentleman to the end, and he liked to keep banker's hours, with golf on weekends. Kissinger is intense, impatient and sometimes rude. He has never administered a large organization, his White House staff numbered a mere 120, all hand picked, closely watched, and driven mercilessly. "I don't know if Henry will be able to live with the bureaucracy," mused one official who knows both the incoming and outgoing Secretaries. "in a way that will satisfy him or the bureaucracy."

Many State Department officials, on the other hand, are prepared to welcome a brisk shake-up if it means that, after years of neglect at the hands of Kissinger's White House staff, the department will once again be thrust into the center of policymaking. "We're on the first team again," gloated a career officer in Paris. Others were bidding their time, waiting to see whether Kissinger would genuinely attempt to reorganize and make proper use of the department's

human resources—or ignore them and create his own elite, as John Foster Dulles did. In the meantime, Kissinger, well aware that many men at State were uneasy, went out of his way to reassure them last week—in his own way. He praised the department's staffers as "great professionals," but he also urged them to see as much of their wives as possible in the next few weeks, because after his confirmation, he promised, they will be too busy. Did he expect to take any of his White House aides along to State? "I would expect that some of my associates would join me at the State Department to ease the cultural shock," said Kissinger. "But we would keep the agency structure in place."

The question might well be asked why Kissinger would want to take on the State Department bureaucracy at all. As a presidential adviser, he has already become the nation's most important diplomat. Why (except, perhaps, for a salary increase from \$42,500 to

\$60,000) would he want to occupy himself with the endless details of instructing ambassadors, receiving obscure Prime Ministers and princes and even Boy Scouts? Part of the answer is obviously personal: he aspires to the post once held by Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster, George C. Marshall and Dean Acheson—a post that, in terms of international prestige, is second only to the presidency. Part, too, is a desire to see his personal accomplishments made permanent.

"What we are going to try to do," he said last week, "is to solidify what has been started, to conclude the building of a structure that we can pass on to succeeding Administrations." But yet another part, and by no means the least important, is a desire to help heal the wounds that have torn his adopted nation. "We've had the legacy of a war that bitterly divided Americans," he said. "Therefore one of the prime objectives of the Administration will have to be to create a consensus (among the



HENRY KISSINGER DANCING WITH NANCY MAGINNIS



ENTERTAINING TV PRODUCER MARGARET OSMER

A New Title: "Just Call Me Excellency"

"I've always acted alone. Americans admire the cowboy leading the caravan alone astride his horse, the cowboy entering a village or city alone on his horse. He acts, that's all: aiming at the right spot at the right time."

Henry Kissinger was terribly embarrassed when Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci quoted him describing himself as a character out of Zane Grey. He did not deny that he had said those words—"Why I agreed to it [the interview], I'll never know," he confessed later—but it was a little hard to imagine just how the precise, bespectacled professor of history at Harvard could see himself as a lean, flinty-eyed *macho* on horseback. Still, in a way Kissinger's self-portrait was not so preposterous. Proud, private and consummately confident of his ability, Kissinger has always acted alone, rising to his present eminence with the aid of almost no one but himself.

Born into a middle-class Jewish

family in the German town of Fürth, Kissinger grew up as the Nazis were coming to power, and so found himself an outcast. Heinz, as he was then called, was denied admission to high school, forced to attend an all-Jewish school, and often beaten up by gangs of pro-Nazi toughs on the way.

His family's escape to America in 1938, when Kissinger was 15, hardly ended his sense of isolation. At George Washington High School on Manhattan's Upper West Side, Kissinger generally avoided his classmates, often crossed to the far side of the street when he saw other youngsters approaching. His greatest ambition was to become an accountant.

The Army, in which he enlisted in 1942, changed all that. Kissinger's linguistic ability quickly won him a post as a translator and interrogator in counterintelligence and, eventually, a job teaching modern German history to officers. He also raised his sights. German-

born Fritz Kraemer, an Army instructor who became his friend and mentor, informed him that "gentlemen do not go to the College of the City of New York," so Kissinger obtained a scholarship and went to Harvard.

Once there, he did brilliantly, winning an A.B. in government in 1950 and a doctorate four years later. By 1954 he was teaching at Harvard and serving as consultant to several Government agencies, including the National Security Council's Psychological Strategy Board. He was also writing, making major contributions to the literature of international relations, demonstrating ways in which the display of force could and should be used to avert international catastrophe.

His earliest books—*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, *The Necessity for Choice* and *The Troubled Partnership*—all called for balancing military power in order to achieve greater international stability. A 1968 study of Bismarck, whom Kissinger admires for his grasp of geopolitical realities, argued the importance of restraining contend-

American people and the American Congress."

Can he, the outsider, perform such a feat? The question at his press conference was slightly different—and somewhat more embarrassing. Would his being a Jew, he was asked, affect the problem of the Middle East? "I'm asked to conduct the foreign policy of the United States," he said, "and I will conduct the foreign policy of the United States regardless of religious and national heritage. There is no other country in the world in which a man of my background could be even considered for an office such as the one to which I have been nominated, and that imposes on me a responsibility, which I will pursue in the national interest."

Around the world, the reaction to Kissinger's nomination was, not too surprisingly, mild and muted. Except in a few areas where he is viewed with suspicion, Kissinger is widely admired for his skill and intellect, and even for his cosmopolitanism. He is, as much as any

incoming American Secretary of State is ever likely to be, a known quantity. Nonetheless, diplomatic experts in many countries were still uncertain about precisely how he would deal with the wide range of problems that now confront him.

Among the most delicate of these is the one he knows best, and the one to which he has the most personal commitment: the truce in Indochina. It took Kissinger nearly 3½ years and 24 rounds of talks to negotiate the frail and complex agreements that permitted U.S. forces to withdraw under the umbrella of what Nixon repeatedly calls "peace with honor." The truce agreements still survive, but peace is by no means certain. The fighting in South Viet Nam sputters along in the form of sporadic guerrilla action accompanied by confused reports of remote outposts threatened and then relieved. Laos stands at the edge of a cease-fire, but only last week an attempted army putsch threatened to jeopardize the ac-

cord. In Cambodia, now that U.S. bombing has finally ended, the feeble government of President Lon Nol is under constant threat from the Khmer insurgents. Kissinger will have to find a way to negotiate some sort of Cambodian settlement, possibly one that would bring back the exiled Prince Sihanouk as head of a coalition government.

In the course of such negotiations, Kissinger may need to call on his ties with the Communist leaders of both Moscow and Peking. No other Secretary, indeed, could come to office with such a background of personal relations with the highest figures in the Communist hierarchy. Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow, Chou En-lai in Peking, both recognize the theory of power politics that Kissinger personifies; both have a personal stake in seeing the détente of the last few years become permanent.

Paradoxically, it is among some of America's closest allies, particularly the Europeans, that Kissinger has the most immediate labors to perform. This is not



CHATTING WITH MARLO THOMAS AT PARTY FOR OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

ing forces by manipulating their antagonisms and of moving decisively to carry out policy decisions. "A policy that awaits events," wrote Kissinger, "is likely to become their prisoner."

In some ways, Kissinger has changed little since President Nixon—ignoring the fact that Kissinger had opposed him in the 1968 election—named him national security adviser in 1969. He still retains his thick German accent, lives alone in a six-room town house in Washington's Rock Creek Park, and spends so little time there that friends say only the library looks used. He has retained his taste for rich foods, his interest in chess and his tendency to neglect his appearance. He still puts in 18-hour days and expects his aides to do the same. One of those aides, in fact, tells of laboring until midnight on a position paper that Kissinger then handed back with a request that it be improved; another midnight, another version, and another rejection. When Kissinger received the third version, he asked: "Is this really the best you can do?" When the aide said it was,

Kissinger sighed and said: "Very well, then, I'll read it."

In other ways, though, Kissinger has changed considerably. He has developed a wry sense of *Galgenhumor*, of which he is the chief victim. After being attacked by another Administration official as an "egotistical maniac," he remarked: "It took me 18 years to achieve total animosity at Harvard. In Washington, I did it in 18 months."

Along the way, he has acquired a somewhat less than convincing reputation as a swinger. Divorced from his wife in 1964, Kissinger has dated a covey of actresses, including Jill St. John, Liv Ullmann and Marlo Thomas as well as TV Producer Margaret Osser and Rockefeller Aide Nancy Maginnes. He obviously enjoys his reputation as the "playboy of the Western Wing," but he spends almost as much time with his children—Elizabeth, 15, and David, 12—as he does on the social circuit. He also makes it clear that his work comes before anything. Of the actresses, he once remarked: "I am no fool. I realize



HANDHOLDING WITH JILL ST. JOHN

the game. I am their celebrity of the hour, the new man in town. I don't kid myself."

It is too early to tell whether or how his new responsibilities will affect his social life. They have not yet dulled his sense of humor. Last week, when reporters asked him whether he preferred to be addressed as Mr. Secretary or Dr. Secretary, he hesitated only a moment before answering. "I don't stand on protocol," he said with a grin. "If you will just call me Excellency, it will be O.K."



THOMAS JEFFERSON



DANIEL WEBSTER



GEORGE C. MARSHALL



DEAN ACHESON



JOHN FOSTER DULLES

The power to restore the department to its rightful place as the central foreign policy agency.

to say that the Europeans were not pleased with the Kissinger appointment. The French respect him as an intellectual as well as a boulavardier. The Germans seem modestly pleased that Kissinger is the first prospective U.S. Secretary of State who speaks their language like—well—a native. Said one official in Bonn: "When we get upset about some problem or other, he'll take us aside and explain it in German. That always makes us feel better." Most Europeans seemed to agree with the judgment of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*: "For Europeans, this foreign minister is a gain. No one knows the Atlantic problems like Kissinger."

Despite these praises, there are real difficulties. Recognizing the need to rejuvenate the Western alliance, Kissinger proposed last April a "new Atlantic Charter" (later redesignated a "Declaration of Principles") after West German Chancellor Willy Brandt complained that the original name sounded too much like the Allies' World War II pact, which was to redefine the principles of cooperation in such varied fields as military security, monetary reform, trade, energy, science. Eventually the blueprint was to include—in most fields other than security—Japan as well. But the Kissinger proposal for the "Year of Europe" has been coolly received in most of the Continental capitals. "Every year in Europe," one bemused British diplomat remarked last week, "is the Year of Europe."

Most of Kissinger's ideas remain to

be worked out in a wide range of forthcoming conferences: On the balance of forces (MBFR) in Vienna, on European Security in Geneva, on SALT II in Geneva. President Nixon himself is expected to tour Europe in the fall, and there may be a European summit meeting as well.

Energetic Role. So far during his operations at the White House, Kissinger has intentionally stayed away from the Middle East problem—partly because he was busy with other matters, and partly perhaps because he could see no way to solve it. Instead, Secretary of State Rogers proposed a plan that led to a cease-fire along the Suez Canal for the past three years but has resulted so far in a stalemate rather than a peace settlement.

The first reaction of many Arab newspapers to Kissinger's appointment was to object to the fact that he is a Jew. **KISSINGER BECOMES THE FIRST JEWISH U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE**, headlined Beirut's *al Moharrer*. On the other hand, many Arab diplomats were waiting to see whether Kissinger would take as energetic a role in settling the Arab-Israeli impasse as he did in ending the Viet Nam War. Some wondered whether, in the Kissinger view, Palestinians should play as vital a part in Middle East peace talks as the Viet Cong did at the conference table in Paris.

Certainly the problem cannot be postponed indefinitely. The energy crisis has spotlighted the world's reliance on Arab oil, and the Arabs are fast

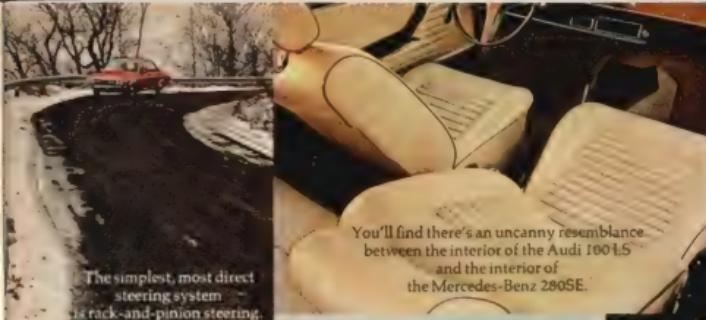
learning how to use their oil as a political weapon. King Feisal of Saudi Arabia, long a friend of the U.S., has informed Washington that it cannot continue to support Israel and expect to receive Arab oil. Feisal, whose country contains the world's largest petroleum reserves, knows full well that the U.S. and the other industrial nations need oil more than the oil-rich Arabs presently need money.

The Arabs are not alone in their suspicion of Kissinger. The Indians, too, have vivid memories of Kissinger's saying that although the U.S. would remain neutral in the Indo-Pakistani war over Bangladesh, President Nixon wanted that neutrality "tilted" in favor of Pakistan. More generally, the Indians also resent being left out of Kissinger's concept of the "live-power world" (the U.S., Western Europe, the Soviet Union, China and Japan). Last week Kissinger remarked that he hoped to come to a better understanding of Indian problems.

Like the Indians, the Japanese remember Kissinger for past slights—notably his secret journey to Peking two years ago without any warning to Tokyo. Indeed, the Nixon Administration's diplomatic *shokkus* of 1971 did lasting damage to Japan's relations with the U.S. The ceremonious Japanese have also found it exceedingly embarrassing, more than most allies have, to deal formally with Rogers while seeking ways to bypass him when they needed to get the attention of the White House. On balance, they probably wel-

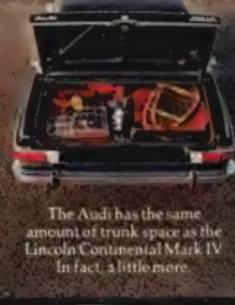
RETIRING SECRETARY OF STATE WILLIAM ROGERS SITTING ALONE IN THE CABINET ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE





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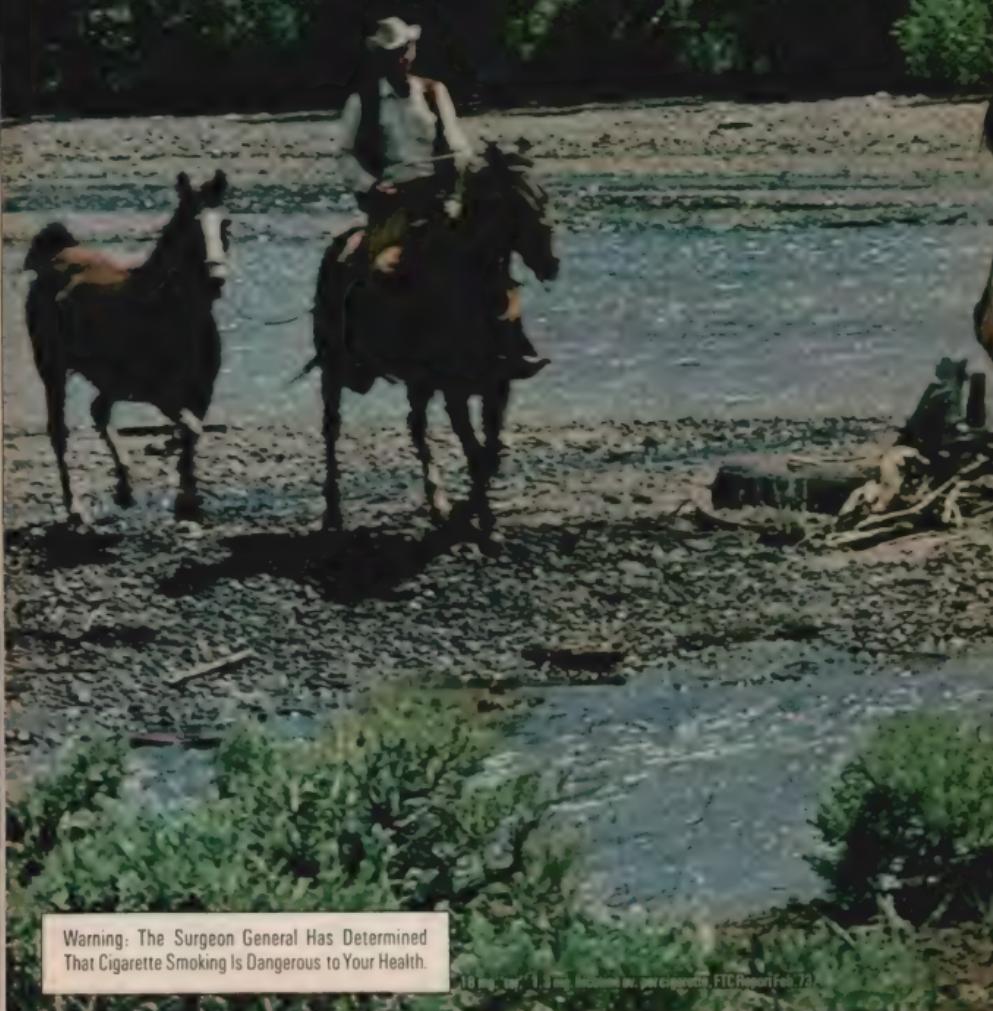
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Supreme Canadian.

come the change and look forward to a period of improved relations.

In the transfer of power to Kissinger, everybody went out of his way to salute the departing Secretary Rogers. Nixon expressed "personal regret" at the resignation of "a close personal friend." Kissinger praised him for his "enormous dignity, grace, wisdom, and above all humanity." At the same time, however, Kissinger acknowledged that there had been "a difficult relationship" between the rival foreign-affairs agencies. He added: "You wouldn't believe me if I said anything else."

These have, in fact, been difficult years for Bill Rogers, an eminently successful corporation lawyer, a self-made millionaire, and a respected Attorney General in the Eisenhower Administration. With the 1968 election of his long-time friend Richard Nixon, Rogers was rewarded with the prestigious office of Secretary of State, and he foresaw the next four to eight years as perhaps the height of his public career.

Natural Restraint. But Rogers had hardly taken over the graceful seventh-floor office overlooking the Lincoln Memorial when his disappointments began. His hopes for a quick end to what he privately referred to as "that goddam war" were killed by Nixon's decision to make a protracted withdrawal during four years of negotiations. Nor was he ever able to make good either in public or in private his official role as the President's chief foreign policy adviser.

An elegant and essentially decent man, but a mediocre speaker with no background in foreign affairs, Rogers had a tendency to approach international problems from the viewpoint of a corporation lawyer. As he explained privately, "In handling an important lawsuit, you tell the other guy that you know you can't win all your points, nor can he, and it's best for all to reach a compromise." It was a decent, honest, somewhat guileless approach.

Unlike the amiable Rogers, Kissinger was no old friend of Nixon's. He had served as a foreign-affairs adviser to Nelson Rockefeller and, even worse, was a friend of the Kennedy establishment. But Nixon had read and liked Kissinger's books, and wisely recognized in Kissinger the sort of man he was looking for. The two still treat each other with a certain formality, a natural restraint; they are in no sense cronies. Occasionally there have been strains, and even reports that Kissinger might be on the way out. One such strain occurred late last year following the breakdown of the Paris peace talks, when Nixon waged his fierce Christmas bombing campaign on Hanoi. Kissinger loyally defended the President, but managed to give the impression that his heart was not in the bombing. Still, for all his pride, Kissinger remembers that Metternich was not the Emperor, nor Richelieu the King, and he finds a certain security in presenting himself simply as the agent of Nixon's foreign policy.

That slightly disingenuous discretion has suited Nixon admirably. Observers have described how the President, at National Security Council meetings, will say with a touch of pride, "Henry, will you present the options for us?" Then he settles back to listen while Kissinger becomes the professor once more.

The contest between Kissinger and Rogers had a predictably adverse effect on the State Department, an overly bureaucratized machine without any constituency among the general public, and thus without independent influence. The emergence of the "Kissinger shop," the predominance of Kissinger himself, the lack of administrative talents in Rogers—all these led to abysmally low morale and low effectiveness in the State Department. At first there were attempts to cover it up, but even that pretense gradually fell away, and by the time of Nixon's second Administration, none of it was left.

Yet Rogers' tenure had its important positive aspects. His Middle East initiative, at first received skeptically by his aides, did result in the still-lasting Suez cease-fire and at least some overtures by Egypt and Israel toward negotiations. Rogers also performed, with distinction, the task of representing the

U.S. in negotiations abroad. He further bore the brunt of congressional committee hearings and congressional opposition on Viet Nam. Rogers, unfailingly courteous, remained loyal to his President and argued his case well. "He's a decent, fine man, a terribly underrated, misused man," Senator Mansfield once remarked.

Despite the genuinely warm feelings about Rogers, most foreign service professionals seemed to feel last week that Henry Kissinger might be just what was needed at Foggy Bottom. Clearly Kissinger had it in his power to rebuild the Department of State and restore it to its rightful place as the central foreign policy agency in the Government, and he seemed to relish the prospect of doing just that. Immediately he summoned home David K. E. Bruce and Daniel Patrick Moynihan from Peking and New Delhi for talks. Moreover, he seemed committed to the concept of formulating a foreign policy of reconciliation for the post-Viet Nam period; an aim that Congress, as well as the nation at large, could well applaud. If Richard Nixon has truly decided, in the wake of Watergate, to create a more open presidency, his appointment of Henry Kissinger as Secretary of State marks an imposing beginning.

Young Immigrants

Henry Kissinger's nomination as Secretary of State serves as a reminder that, after the Albert Einsteins and the Arturo Toscaninis, already-distinguished refugees from the European fascism of the 1930s, a whole new generation of immigrants have made contributions to the U.S. Among them:

Mike Nichols, 41, movie director, came from Germany in 1939.

Claes Oldenburg, 44, artist, from Sweden in 1938.

I.M. Pei, 56, architect, from China in 1935.

Helmut Sonnenfeldt, 46, awaiting confirmation as Under Secretary of the Treasury, from Germany in 1944.

Charles Bluhdorn, 46, chairman, Gulf & Western, from Austria in 1942.

Lukas Foss, 51, composer-conductor, from Germany in 1933.

Otto Eckstein, 46, economist, from Germany in 1939.

Rudi Gernreich, 51, women's wear

designer, from Austria in 1938.

José Quintero, 48, theater director,

from Panama in 1941.

Max Frankel, 43, journalist, from Germany in 1940.

Roddy McDowall, 44, actor, from England in 1940.

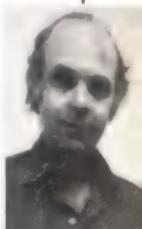
H. Gobind Khorana, 51, a 1968 Nobel prizewinner in medicine, from India in 1960.

Tsung-Dao Lee, 46, and Chen Ning Yang, 51, who shared a 1957 Nobel Prize in physics, from China in 1946 and 1945, respectively.

John Simon, 48, film and theater critic, from Yugoslavia in 1940.

Wilfrid Sheed, 42, writer and editor, from England in 1947.

VARYING BACKGROUNDS: (FROM TOP, CLOCKWISE) OLDENBURG, GERNREICH, KHORANA



DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

The Capable Man in the Middle

To a nation that has traditionally placed high trust in its law-enforcement agencies, one of the grimmer sides of the Watergate scandal was the success displayed by White House officials in manipulating the U.S. Justice Department in its investigation of the affair. To restore confidence in the department, President Nixon named a star-quality Attorney General: Elliot Lee Richardson, a man who had not the slightest connection with Watergate and who could convince voters that justice would finally be brought to bear on those responsible for the scandal. Last week, as Richardson was dealing not only with Watergate but also with a whole new closet of dirty linen possibly involving Vice President Spiro T. Agnew, he was subtly but unmistakably rebuked for his performance by both the President and Vice President. The separately delivered scoldings only underscored the anomaly of his uncomfortable middleman's position: Richardson is charged with overseeing investigations of the only two federal executives who rank above him.

Both Nixon and Agnew were censured by news leaks about alleged kickbacks from Maryland contractors to politicians, including Agnew. The Vice President called a news conference—his second since he was notified last month that he was under federal investigation for bribery, extortion, conspiracy and tax evasion—to denounce an "outrageous" effort on the part of "some Justice Department officials to indict me in the press." Noting that Richardson had promised to look into any

ATTORNEY GENERAL ELLIOT RICHARDSON



suggestion that Justice officials were talking out of turn, Agnew bluntly demanded that the Attorney General "fulfill that promise and pursue such an investigation vigorously."

Agnew was particularly disturbed by a TIME story (Aug. 27) reporting that Justice Department officials believe that the Vice President eventually will be indicted. Agnew stressed that he did not blame the press for printing such reports because "I cannot fault you for publishing information given to you by informants within the Department of Justice." Instead, he said, "the blame must rest with those who gave this information to the press."

At his San Clemente press conference the next day, Nixon fully applauded Agnew's blast at his investigators. Discussion of cases on which grand jury action is pending, the President said, is highly improper because during such probes "all kinds of charges are made which will not stand up in open court." Then, clearly leaving the impression that he was dissatisfied with Richardson's failure to effect total secrecy in the matter, he announced that he had ordered the Attorney General to investigate his department's leaks. Anyone found to have given unauthorized information about the Agnew case to the press, the President promised, will be "summarily dismissed."

FBI Probe. In a reply to Agnew, Richardson dutifully expressed his "dismay" at the unofficial reporting of the case and promised to bring in the FBI to probe it. However, he pointed out, it is not a crime for those with knowledge of an investigation to discuss it until the case is actually being heard by a grand jury—a stage that the inquiry into Agnew's affairs is not expected to reach until after Labor Day. Thus, said Richardson, in any case as explosive as the Vice President's, there may be "no fully effective means" of halting "cynical rumors and conjectures."

For Richardson, there is almost certainly no effective means of avoiding more and more such run-ins with his superiors in the future. He irritated the White House by appointing Archibald Cox as Watergate Special Prosecutor. Technically, the Attorney General remains Cox's boss. Cox, a Democrat and former Harvard law professor, has engaged the White House in a historic court battle over the Watergate tapes (see following story), and is regarded incorrectly by many Nixon loyalists as out to "get" the President. In addition, unless the President somehow attempts to intervene, it will be Richardson who must ultimately decide whether U.S. Attorney George Beall's Baltimore investigators have gathered enough evidence against Agnew to seek an indictment—and if so, whether the Government

AGNEW AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Separate scoldings.

should proceed against a Vice President unless he has first been impeached and removed from office. Further, if Nixon or Agnew should try to influence either case, Richardson might well have to deal with conflicts unprecedented in U.S. judicial annals. Administration officials acknowledge privately that Richardson is viewed with some degree of disenchantment these days at the White House. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Hays Gory, Richardson mused uncomfortably: "Am I on the spot? Of course. Public interests are at stake, interests that are very important and hard to reconcile."

Agnew's supporters are quick to claim that private interests may be at stake as well, namely Richardson's own. They have an exaggerated suspicion that the Attorney General sees himself as a prime contender for the G.O.P. presidential nomination in 1976 and would like nothing better than to have Agnew knocked out of the running by a scandal. Agnew, his aides contend, shares some of their suspicions about the Attorney General. Richardson says that he refuses to "dignify" such assertions by replying to them. A source close to Richardson maintains that the Attorney General could not profit from the leaks involving Agnew because "they are seen as a failure within the department to observe ethical standards, as another stain on the department."

Still, by the sheer course of momentous events, the handsome, well-spoken Richardson is, at 53, an ascending force in Washington. Born into a Boston Brahmin family and educated at Harvard (LL.B., '47), Richardson made a political name for himself as U.S. Attorney in Massachusetts by prosecuting Boston Industrialist Bernard Goldfine, provider of Sherman Adams' famous vicuna coat, on tax-evasion charges. A Rockefeller supporter in 1968, Richard-



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THE NATION

son nonetheless was invited to Washington as an Under Secretary of State, and his cool, analytical grasp of complex situations attracted the attention of Nixon. Such tough thinking seemed all too rare at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and in 1970 Richardson was picked to supply it as Secretary. Though critics contend that he weakened the drive for school desegregation by failing to support busing with sufficient enthusiasm, Richardson was notably successful at HEW. After last year's election he was picked to succeed Melvin R. Laird as Defense Secretary but held that job only three months before Nixon chose him in May to repair the Watergate damage as Attorney General.

Lie Test. By then the Baltimore grand jury looking into official corruption was well along in its investigation. Last week the jury returned its first indictment, accusing the Baltimore County executive, Dale Anderson, of having received \$47,795 in kickbacks from engineering and consulting firms. Anderson, a Democrat, succeeded Agnew in the job in 1966, when the future Vice President was elected Maryland Governor. Agnew greeted the news of Anderson's expected indictment by issuing a statement that "I find the charges against him totally at variance with my impressions of him and everything I know about him."

TIME has learned that yet another piece of evidence against the Vice President has been turned up. Following the visit to Baltimore of the Justice Department's chief criminal prosecutor, Henry E. Petersen, the primary witness against Agnew was given a lie-detector test by FBI polygraph experts. The witness is Jerome Wolff, president of Greiner Environmental Systems Inc. and a former high Agnew aide. He has agreed to testify, in return for limited immunity from prosecution himself, that Agnew has extorted bribes from state and federal contractors. The polygraph showed that Wolff told the truth about personally delivering funds extorted from contractors to Agnew. Such findings will probably not be admissible in any court proceedings; however, Government witnesses are frequently asked to take lie-detector tests as a means of convincing prosecutors that there is a strong case against a prospective defendant.² Beall has asked other prospective witnesses in the Agnew case to take lie-detector tests.

Wolff has turned over to the Government a diary listing some of the payoffs he purportedly delivered to Agnew from Maryland contractors. The diary covers a period from 1967 to 1968, when Agnew was Maryland's Governor and Wolff was chairman of the state's

road commission, a job bestowed on him by Agnew. Now Wolff's firm, which he has headed since 1971, is one of eight contractors that have been named as suppliers of the illegal funds in the Anderson indictment. Another of the companies, Matz, Childs & Associates, is partly owned by Lester Matz, one of Agnew's other principal accusers.

These new developments could hardly have seemed encouraging to Agnew and Nixon's latest clarification of presidential support was not much help either. Despite his vehement seconding

of Agnew's complaint about leaks from Justice, the President was something less than sweeping when it came to expressing his confidence in the Vice President. "I have confidence in the integrity of the Vice President," said Nixon, "and particularly in the performance of the duties that he has had as Vice President and as a candidate for Vice President." That seemed to leave rather large chunks of Agnew's past—indeed, his whole climb prior to becoming Nixon's running mate in 1968—for the Vice President to defend on his own.

WALTER BENNETT



WRIGHT & WIFE ARRIVE AT FEDERAL COURT



...AS DO COX & WIFE

ISSUES

Struggle for Nixon's Tapes

At exactly 9:40 a.m., the opposing teams of lawyers entered the ornate, high-ceilinged federal courtroom and took up their positions at neighboring walnut tables. On one side sat six lawyers for President Richard Nixon, headed by University of Texas Professor Charles Alan Wright; on the other, the special Watergate prosecutor, Harvard Law Professor Archibald Cox, and three assistants. For 20 minutes they sat waiting in their blue leather chairs. Wright adjusted his tweed vest. Cox toyed with his half-moon spectacles. Finally, at 10, to the bailiff's ceremonial cry of "God save the United States of America and this honorable court," Judge John J. Sirica strode in, sat down in his red leather chair, and called on Wright to step to the lectern in front of the bench.

There ensued, before a packed courtroom, 2½ hours of calm and gentlemanly debate over one of the most fundamental constitutional controversies in U.S. history. Cox, though nominally an employee of Nixon's Admin-

istration, had subpoenaed nine of the President's secret tape recordings, all containing presidential conversations concerning the Watergate break-in and cover-up. Wright was there to defend the President's refusal to surrender them. Both sides had thoroughly covered the legal ground in written briefs—totaling 50 pages by Wright, 68 by Cox—delivered to the court during the two weeks before the hearing. Still, the oral arguments last week gave a fresh perspective to the questions being debated. The most important points in dispute spelled out in the oral arguments and the written briefs

DOES A PRESIDENT HAVE THE RIGHT TO WITHHOLD EVIDENCE OF A CRIME?

Wright maintains that "the threat of potential disclosure of any and all conversations would make it virtually impossible for President Nixon or his successors to function." Therefore, he argues, the President has the "power and privilege" to refuse to produce

²Under U.S. criminal procedure, no witness can be forced to submit to a lie-detector test. However, both prosecutors and defense attorneys occasionally use them, either for private evaluation or—if both sides in a case agree—for presentation as evidence.

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evidence if he decides that disclosure is not in the public interest. For example, Wright says, one tape contained "national security material so sensitive" that the President would not discuss it even with him. Wright concludes: "Getting to the truth of Watergate is a goal of great worth. [But] there may well be times when there are other national interests that are more important than the fullest administration of criminal justice."

Cox concedes that a President can keep confidential military and diplomatic secrets and policy deliberations, but he insists that a President has "no absolute and arbitrary power" to conceal "evidence of criminality." Moreover, because "there is strong reason to believe the integrity of the Executive office has been corrupted," the President cannot be an impartial judge of whether the public interest requires him to keep the tapes secret. That determination, the prosecutor argues, can be made only by the courts. He adds: "The evidence on the tapes also may be material to public accusations against the respondent [Nixon] himself, a question to which he can hardly be indifferent."

CAN THE COURTS COMPEL THE PRESIDENT TO PRODUCE EVIDENCE?

Wright describes the judiciary as a "coequal but not a superior branch of Government." Thus a prosecutor may subpoena evidence from a President, but the courts cannot compel him to obey such a subpoena. A President can be impeached and removed from office by Congress—or voted out by the people—but as long as he is in office, Wright argues, he is immune to court orders or even criminal prosecution.

Cox retorts that describing the battle over the tapes as a conflict between the Executive and Judicial branches creates a "false conflict." In fact, he argues, the tapes are being sought by a federal grand jury, which Cox considers to be an organ of the people, not of the courts. "Unlike a monarch, the President is not sovereign," Cox continues. Thus, "like the humblest citizen," he has the legal duty to turn over evidence to a grand jury if a court determines that doing so is in the public interest.

CAN NIXON INVOKE EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE TO KEEP THE TAPES SECRET?

Wright argues that the President has the privilege of releasing—or not releasing—confidential information. He maintains that Nixon still has that right even though he permitted former White House aides to testify before the Ervin committee about what happened at the tape-recorded meetings and even though he allowed former Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman to listen to two of the tapes. Says Wright: "Whenever the President has confidential information, he is free to disclose it to those persons, in and out of Government, in

whom he has confidence and from whom he seeks advice."

Cox, while not conceding that Nixon has such a sweeping right to Executive privilege, argues that since the testimony broke the tapes' confidentiality, it "no longer exists." The President allowed "a flood of incomplete and contradictory testimony" about the meetings but now "asserts a privilege to withhold the most complete record available." Declares Cox: "The law is not so capricious."

HOW IMPORTANT ARE THE TAPES?

Cox warns that if the tapes are not turned over to the grand jury, a defendant could move for dismissal on the grounds that the Government was withholding evidence that might prove his innocence. Wright insists, however,

against Nixon, Wright insists that the precedent would be "not one that would be confined to Watergate." He holds out the prospect that such a ruling might open the way for any federal judge to demand access to White House documents relevant to any civil or criminal case.

On the contrary, replies Cox, the court's enforcement of the subpoena for the tapes would "set only a narrow precedent" because a similar scandal involving "high presidential assistants ... is unlikely to recur." It would be of "historic importance," however, "reaffirming the American constitutional tradition that no man is above the law."

Throughout the arguments, the 350 people, mainly lawyers and reporters, who jammed the spectators' benches

TIME—THE NEW YORK TIMES



FEDERAL JUDGE JOHN J. SIRICA IN HIS CHAMBERS
Counting questions—and judicial yawns.

that nothing of the sort could happen because the principle applies only if the evidence is available to the prosecution, and the tapes are not. Furthermore, says Wright, the tapes are not necessary to Cox's investigation because "there is much other evidence available." They also would be poor evidence, according to Wright, because "the margin for error is too great" for an outsider to distinguish accurately between chance remarks and relevant statements. But Cox believes that no testimony by participants at the presidential meetings can take the place of the tapes as evidence. The tapes could "supplement faulty recollections, resolve contradictions and fill in important details."

MIght THE RELEASE OF THE TAPES SET A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT?

No court has ever compelled a President to produce records of his private conversations. If Judge Sirica rules

sought hints of where Sirica's sympathies might lie. Some counted judicial yawns (twice while Wright talked, once during Cox's argument); others measured the length of his questioning (a total of 17 minutes for Wright, eight for Cox). Still others noted that Cox's argument, by being limited mainly to matters of criminal liability, seemed to allow the judge room for a decision of narrow impact, which courts traditionally find more attractive than the sweeping judicial ruling that Wright's argument seemed to require. Such speculation in advance of Sirica's decision was risky, however; the judge's ruling may be unpredictable. He promised a decision this week.

Whatever the outcome, few legal experts expect Sirica's ruling to be the last word. Nixon has said that he will abide by a "definitive order" of the Supreme Court. Appeals to that court, after it reconvenes Oct. 1, seem almost certain.

Peril Points Ahead for Nixon

Despite President Nixon's plea that the nation turn to other matters, it will take months and even years for the many grand jury probes, congressional inquiries, civil suits, trials and court hearings involving Watergate and other scandals to run their course. All offer many points of peril for the President. The most likely calendar of coming events:

AGNEW INVESTIGATION

September: A federal grand jury in Baltimore will decide whether to indict the Vice President on charges of bribery, extortion, conspiracy and tax fraud. The best outcome for Nixon, surely, would be for Agnew to escape indictment. That would justify the President's somewhat limited declaration of confidence in him. But it would leave the Vice President tarnished and, to many people, less acceptable than before as an alternative to Nixon.

If Agnew should leave office for any reason, Nixon would face a dilemma. His nominee as Agnew's successor must be approved by a majority of both the Senate and the House. Congress might refuse to confirm a weak or controversial appointee. On the other hand, the appointment of a strong, popular man would make Nixon's own resignation—or impeachment—more acceptable to much of the public.

September: Dale Anderson, Agnew's successor in 1966 as Baltimore County executive, will be arraigned in federal district court in Baltimore on charges of bribery, conspiracy and extorting kickbacks from eight engineering and consulting firms.

Sept. 19: Maryland Banker Blagden H. Wharton will go on trial in Anne Arundel Circuit Court in Baltimore on charges of perjury and falsifying campaign contribution reports concerning a dinner held for Agnew in May 1972.

WATERGATE GRAND JURY

Aug. 29: By this date, Federal Judge John J. Sirica has promised to decide whether Nixon must surrender to the grand jury nine potentially incriminating tape recordings of presidential conversations with aides—among them former Counsel John Dean.

Early September: The losing side is likely to ask the federal appeals court to reverse the decision.

Oct. 1: The Supreme Court will reconvene and within days probably receive the tapes case. Nixon's stand on Executive privilege would be vindicated by a broad decision in his favor, though the suspicion would remain that the tapes were incriminating. But if the court orders Nixon to produce the tapes and he refuses to obey, the House most likely will formally consider moving to impeach him. The court decision, how-

ever, could be stated in narrow terms, never resolving the broad issues of Executive privilege and separation of powers. In that case no one knows how it would affect the President's fortunes.

Dec. 4: The Watergate grand jury is scheduled to expire, and by then it will have decided whether to indict former Nixon Associates John Ehrlichman, H.R. Haldeman, John Mitchell, Dean and others. Just who will be indicted may depend on whether the grand jury and Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox get the tapes, which may resolve conflicting testimony from witnesses. If no one important is indicted on Watergate, it would, of course, greatly help Nixon.

Date Unknown: A second federal grand jury in Washington, impaneled by Cox to investigate other "dirty tricks," the financing of the 1972 presidential campaign and the ITT case, will decide whether to indict corporation heads and Nixon campaign aides for violating election laws.

OTHER GRAND JURY PROBES

Sept. 4: A Los Angeles County grand jury will resume its probe of the break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. It will decide whether any laws may have been violated and, if so, hand down indictments.

Date Unknown: A federal task force will complete its inquiry into possibly illegal contributions to Nixon's re-election campaign by nine Las Vegas-based corporations operating gambling casinos.

ERVIN COMMITTEE

Mid-September: The committee will hear the final seven Watergate witnesses, among them former White House Aides Charles Colson, Egil Krogh and David Young.

Late September: The committee will investigate other dirty tricks in the 1972 presidential campaign.

October: The committee hearings on 1972 campaign financing will begin. The hearings into dirty tricks and questionable campaign financing could deepen public suspicion that the 1972 election was tainted.

Nov. 1: This is Chairman Ervin's target date for finishing the committee's hearings. But it may well be changed according to when the courts rule on the committee's suit to get the presidential tapes and related documents.

Date Unknown: The committee will issue its report on presidential campaign activities in 1972. Unless the Senators obtain the Nixon tapes—and those tapes demonstrate the President's innocence—the committee is unlikely to issue a report clearing him. If it is effected holds Nixon guilty of complicity in the Watergate burglary or cover-up,

the House may be forced to consider impeachment—which would lead to another series of congressional hearings.

WATERGATE TRIALS

October: Judge Sirica will decide whether to give Convicted Watergate Conspirator E. Howard Hunt and the four Cubans caught in the break-in their final sentences—or extend their provisional sentences until all of those indicted in Watergate are tried.

Date Unknown: Trial dates are to be set for the suits arising out of Watergate unless they are dropped or settled out of court. Among them are the Democratic National Committee's \$6.4 million suit against the Nixon campaign committee; Nixon Fund Raiser Maurice Stans' \$5,000,000 libel suit against former Democratic Chairman Lawrence O'Brien; the Association of State Democratic Chairmen's \$10 million suit against the Nixon campaign committee for tapping the telephone of its executive secretary, R. Spencer Oliver.

OTHER TRIALS AND SUITS

Sept. 8: This is the deadline by which the Committee for the Re-Election of the President must disclose to the public its secret lists of contributors and expenditures prior to April 7, 1972, the date that the new federal campaign spending law took effect. The disclosure must be made as a result of a suit brought by Common Cause, the citizens' lobby led by John Gardner.

Sept. 11: Mitchell and Stans are scheduled to stand trial in federal court in New York City on charges of conspiring to arrange an illegally secret \$200,000 cash contribution to the Nixon re-election campaign by New Jersey Financier Robert L. Vesco. In return, according to the indictment, they tried—unsuccessfully—to obstruct and impede the Securities and Exchange Commission investigation of Vesco, who was later charged with looting millions from the huge I.O.S. mutual-fund complex. Acquittals of these close aides would naturally be helpful to Nixon—and convictions damaging to him.

Oct. 8: Donald H. Segretti will go on trial in federal court in Tampa on two counts arising out of dirty tricks designed to sabotage Senator Edmund Muskie's presidential campaign in 1972.

NIXON'S HOUSES

Late August: A CPA firm that has been hired by the President will at long last make a report on how Nixon financed the purchase of his mansion at San Clemente, Calif.

September: A House subcommittee will investigate the \$10 million in public funds spent for security and other purposes at Nixon homes at San Clemente and Key Biscayne, Fla. If more questions are raised about the homes, Nixon could be further embarrassed.

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RIOT SQUAD IN ACTION



JUVENILE DEMONSTRATORS FLEEING POLICE IN SANTIAGO STREETS

THE WORLD

CHILE

More Civil Than War?

Chile was in ferment last week throughout its 2,800-mile length. Violence flared in many places, and a massive truckers' strike had brought the economy practically to a standstill. Santiago seethed with riots and demonstrations as extremist factions of both the right and left sought to impose their will upon President Salvador Allende. Gossens' Marxist government. In an effort to stabilize his regime, Allende shuffled ministries like a deck of cards.

Talk of civil war was in the air and Allende continued to trade on it with his slogan "Allende or civil war." TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch cabled from Santiago: "A new possibility has emerged: Allende and civil war. Indeed, there are signs that this is the situation now—a civil war whose nature has gone unrecognized because it has been far too civil when judged by historical precedents, and because the President who has so often equated civil war with his own removal remains in office."

Even where no overt violence was erupting, travel and communications were either halted or unbearably difficult. Gasoline shortages kept many cars in their garages, and virtually none would venture out at night, when roads were strewn with *miguelitos*—double-S-curved pieces of steel guaranteed to rip any tire. A seat on one of the few buses in service required a booking several days in advance. Trains were running, but late and overcrowded.

Despite the pressures on him, Allende still displayed the fast political footwork and crowd-pleasing oratory that have kept him in office for three years.

A crisis a day has become his staple fare, and he seems to thrive on it.

Last week's crises began with a brouhaha involving the armed forces. In Chile, unlike most other Latin American countries, the military has traditionally avoided involvement in politics. But recently Allende took leaders of the three armed forces into his Cabinet. Now military men are moving in and out in a revolving-door scene reminiscent of a Marx Brothers' movie. The first to spin was Air Force Commander in Chief General César Ruiz Danyau. His job as Public Works Minister was to end the month-old strike of 40,000 owner-drivers of the trucks on which the nation's distribution system de-

pends. But in a fishwife spat with Allende, Ruiz contended that he had not been given the necessary authority, and quit. Allende gave the peacemaking task to an army man, General Hermán Brady, who soon reported that the strike was almost—but not quite—settled.

Then General Carlos Prats González, commander in chief of the army, who was doubling as Minister of Defense, threw in the towel. He had been goaded by powerful factions in the army and air force—and their wives, who engaged in rock-throwing demonstrations outside his home. They contended that Prats was compromising the military's traditional neutrality and demanded that he leave the Cabinet. He acceded when the opposition majority in the Chamber of Deputies rammed through a resolution charging that the military members of the Cabinet were violating their oath to defend the constitution by supporting a government that was acting illegally.

While shootouts and bombings erupted sporadically, Allende had recourse to his usual remedy: a speech. In the wake of Prats' resignation, hastily organized crowds marched in ordered battalions to Moneda Palace, chanting the President's name. The President kept them waiting five minutes, then appeared on the balcony for a momentary wave and ducked inside again—long enough for a microphone and loudspeakers to be set up. (They happened to be handy, as they always are.) Allende reappeared, and with characteristic karate-chop gestures launched into yet another attack on the "fascists" who, he alleged, were out to wreck his government. At week's end he faced further crises, including the likelihood that more military men would soon leave his government through that revolving door.

PRESIDENT SALVADOR ALLENDE



TIME/LAURENCE STERK

CHINA

Silence in the Hall

For two days last week hundreds of buses and cars jammed Tienanmen (Gate of Heavenly Peace) Square as they brought thousands of participants to what was clearly an important conference at Peking's multi-pillared Great Hall of the People. Each day, as the meetings continued, curious foreigners and Peking citizens gathered outside, kept well away from the hall by soldiers and security police. China's carefully controlled press, which usually banners national meetings of such size, gave no clue to what was going on. A Foreign Ministry spokesman was equally unhelpful: "I'm afraid we cannot tell you anything." After the conference broke up, the curtain of silence remained firmly in place.

To China watchers, the carefully maintained silence was frustrating proof once again of China's ability to hold its secrets. For several weeks, rumors that China was soon to hold its tenth Communist Party Congress circulated throughout the country. It is possible that last week's mystery meeting was a preparatory gathering for the congress. Whatever its purpose, China was in the midst of an ideological and political struggle over key domestic problems, involving the state structure, the setting of domestic priorities and the succession to Mao Tse-tung.

The controversy flared first in the Manchurian province of Liaoning, ostensibly inspired by a farm worker-student's complaint that he was not allowed sufficient time to prepare for a college entrance exam. An ar-

ticule backing the student appeared in the Liaoning *Daily*, followed quickly by a long piece in the leading party monthly *Red Flag*. On the surface the controversy involved a long-simmering dispute over the quality of higher education, which since the Cultural Revolution has suffered severely under a policy that stresses political "correctness" rather than academic ability for aspiring college students. Now requirements are being tightened, annoying ideological purists. In reality, the quarrel reflected the continuing struggle for power between radicals, who revere ideology above all, and pragmatists like Premier Chou En-lai, who place considerably more weight on industrial and agricultural progress.

The depth of the dispute was underscored by a broadside in the authoritative *People's Daily*, which attacked—of all people—Confucius (551-479 B.C.). In the typically veiled fashion in which the Chinese Communists carry on their internal disputes, the sage was assailed for allegedly defending the slave-owning classes against reformers seeking to change the system. Confucius, the article noted, was the descendant of slave-owning aristocrats; his patron was the famed Duke of Chou. The descriptions of Confucian policies chimed unmistakably with the post-Cultural Revolution policies of the Chinese leadership, specifically those of highborn Chou En-lai. These pointed references convinced many China watchers that Chou, 75, was on shaky footing. Others, however, were convinced that it was too early to decipher just what was happening. Few denied that perplexing difficulties were in the making for Chou's aging leadership.

BRITAIN

The Bombs of Summer

Though Northern Ireland's all-pervading violence has seldom spilled over to London, such isolated outrages as the bombing last spring of the Old Bailey court building have made Londoners aware of the potential for serious trouble. Last week that potential was realized. First a rash of 17 mini-bombs sowed confusion across the swank West End. Only six exploded, none doing serious damage. One that was detected and defused turned up at No. 10 Downing Street inside a book on Composer Gustav Mahler mailed anonymously to Prime Minister Edward Heath, a Mahler devotee.

Then larger bombs appeared. A plastic sack containing three pounds of plaster gelatin was discovered in a major subway station after an Irish-accented caller alerted the press. A bomb concealed in a railway hobbyist's manual blew up in the face of Joanna Knight, a 25-year-old Stock Exchange secretary, as she was opening the morning mail. She suffered hand, face and arm injuries. Her boss, 61-year-old Exchange General Secretary George Brind, was also injured. Hours later a book bomb exploded in the mail room of the Bank of England, blowing off a man's hand.

Scotland Yard is all but positive that the bombs were the work of members of the Provisional I.R.A. An I.R.A. spokesman had earlier warned that bombs might be expected—but later disclaimed responsibility and coolly suggested that independent units might be responsible. Indeed, the I.R.A. reportedly has reorganized recently, breaking down larger units into small, independent cells to avoid detection.

EUROPE

The Grand Disillusion

By the time Henry Kissinger takes the oath as Secretary of State, only a few months will remain in what he once optimistically proclaimed as the "Year of Europe." So far, there has been almost no progress toward the goal he set for this year: a redefinition and reaffirmation of the principles binding together the Atlantic community. Part of the delay has been caused by Western Europe's own increasing disunity. Despite the unprecedented ease with which Western European nations send goods across each other's borders, the European Economic Community seethes with some of the deepest discontent in its 15-year history.

Most alarming is the steady deterioration of relations between Paris and Bonn. It flared into the open this month when Jacques Chirac, France's Minister of Agriculture and a close confidant of President Georges Pompidou, com-



PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI



PHILOSOPHER CONFUCIUS

plained that "I am concerned by the way that Germany is turning away from Europe." West German Chancellor Willy Brandt attempted to cool the exchange, dismissing Chirac's remarks as the mutterings of a low-level official. But some of the Chancellor's colleagues have privately retaliated, charging that "the French are suffering from gaps of logic."

Such bickering has exacerbated the strained relations between Pompidou and Brandt. It is an open secret in Paris that Pompidou distrusts Brandt's government. He worries that it is more concerned with its *Ostpolitik* policy of normalizing relations with the Communist regimes of Eastern Europe than with solving the problems of Western Europe. A Pompidou aide muses: "The EEC is confining for Germany. What would be the German reaction in five years if the Soviets offered them reunification?" The French answer their own question. The Germans "would pack up their dossier and return to Bonn," drop out of the Common Market and become a "neutral" as the price for getting back East Germany.

Brandt's aides retort that the German government has no intention of turning neutral, nor could it economically afford to leave the EEC. The real culprit, they say, is Paris, whose obscurations and petty legalisms have stalled progress in the EEC for so long that many West Germans have grown irritated and disillusioned.

Especially galling to Bonn is French opposition to a reform of the Market's Common Agricultural Policy. Already West German payments to the agricultural fund, mostly used to subsidize French farmers, exceed \$1 billion annually. "The goal was to achieve monetary and economic union by 1980."

says a West German official. "Now, seven years from that goal, where are we? The British and the Germans are paying for French agriculture. That is all—and not enough." Remarked German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel last week: "This objective [of union by 1980] will never be achieved if each of the interested parties says: 'L'Europe, c'est moi.'"

It was hoped that the British entry this year into the Common Market—blocked for twelve years by the French—would inject a renewed sense of purpose that would encourage a compromise between France and Germany. But now, according to The Netherlands' Prime Minister Joop den Uyl, "there is a feeling of disappointment. All the problems have come back within the enlarged Community." For this reason, many Britons are already voicing second thoughts about their long-debated decision to "join Europe."

The introduction of the Market's 10% value-added tax on all goods and services has irritated the British consumer who is attempting to cope with an 8.4% inflation rate. Imports from the Continent, such as Italian refrigerators, French cars and German leather goods, have flowed into England faster than British exports have gone to other EEC members. In the meantime, the Market has not yet acted on programs that would directly benefit Britain, such as investing in its industrially underdeveloped regions. It is no wonder that a recent Gallup poll in Britain revealed that 52% of those queried now feel that their nation erred in joining the Market. London now will likely assume a tougher posture toward its Common Market partners.

None of this bodes well for Kissinger's Europe policy. He had hoped that the Sept. 10-11 meeting of the EEC's foreign ministers in Copenhagen would result in a joint platform representing a unified European viewpoint on the future political and military functions of the Atlantic Alliance. The chances of that now seem slim. At best, the foreign ministers may only be able to agree on how and in what forum the members of the EEC will receive President Richard Nixon if he visits Europe this autumn, as expected. If the bickering continues, some Germans gloomily predict, by 1980 Europe will be little more than a glorified PX filled with Common Market goods.



PAPADOPOULOS & MOTHER
No amnesty for the regime.

since 1967, tyrant of Athens, is no latter-day Caesar. But last week, apparently feeling secure after obtaining a 78.4% majority in an unopposed "election" for an eight-year term as President of his recently proclaimed Greek republic, Papadopoulos, 54, surprised his critics with an uncharacteristic Caesarean gesture. He declared a sweeping amnesty and freed an estimated 330 political prisoners—all those known to be in custody, including the man who had narrowly missed assassinating Papadopoulos himself.

Within hours of taking the oath of office in the Cathedral of Athens, "Papa Dop" went before the television cameras and loosed a barrage of decrees and promises. He announced the lifting of martial law from the Athens-Piraeus area, long after most of the country had been freed from its iron grip. He laid out a fixed schedule for a return to what he called "full democracy," with a timetable beginning several months earlier than he had previously suggested. A constitutional court to pass on the legitimacy of political parties will be set up next month. He promised to create in October a "political government" with a Prime Minister and to hold parliamentary elections in 1974.

In the light of Papadopoulos' unconvincing record as a promoter of democracy, his promises drew skeptical responses from both diplomatic observers and old-line party politicians in Athens. Said one Western diplomat: "We are in a speculative stage. The amnesty and timetable are encouraging. But how much content will remain to be seen." Former Air Force Colonel Anastassios Minis, 54, who has chronicled the abominable tortures he suffered in prison, was cynical: "Later on they can cook up something and rearrest us."

But the release of the prisoners was real and highly visible. TIME CORTE-



POMPIDOU (LEFT) & BRANDT IN BONN
"Suffering from gaps of logic."

GREECE

Caesarean Gesture

When Julius Caesar was the legally appointed Dictator of Rome and secure in his power, he puzzled his supporters by granting amnesty to conspirators and forbidding torture (except with his express permission) to prove how liberal a dictator he was. George Papadopoulos, sometime colonel of artillery and,

"Scotch on the...



...on the...



CHIVAS on the rocks."



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spondent William Marmon was at the forbidding Boyati military prison, 20 miles north of Athens, when the gates opened for Alexandros Panagoulis, 34, who set off an explosion in 1968 that missed killing Papadopoulos by a split second. Marmon cabled: "Panagoulis emerged in a blue knit shirt and gray pants. After embracing his lawyer and receiving a kiss from his 62-year-old mother Athina, he was quick to announce: 'I do not repent. I am not ashamed of what I have done.' He pulled up his shirt and showed long scars running up his abdomen and chest that he said were the results of torture. He said that the interrogator had told him, 'I'm going to peel you,' as he cut into his flesh. To forestall lawsuits, Papadopoulos shrewdly proclaimed a blanket amnesty to all police and prison authorities for atrocities they may have committed.

Panagoulis plans to write a book about his five years in jail, to be called either *Filthy Dogs* or *The Silly Colonel*. Even at his release, he continued to be explosive in his expressions of hatred for the present regime. Other prisoners were less outspoken but almost as intransigent.

The Papadopoulos regime, however, is unlikely to grant enough political freedom to give its opponents much opportunity to bother it. The new constitution gives Papadopoulos dictatorial powers, including the right to impose martial law for up to three months. Also still on the books are draconian penalties for what is vaguely called "sedition," and laws for press censorship and the drafting of activist students, 120 of whom have recently been called up. Said exiled Publisher Helen Vlachos in London: "They can amnesty me 100 times. I don't amnesty them. Vultures do not become vegetarians in 24 hours."

LAOS

The Awaited Coup

In the dead of night last week, 60 Laotians stealthily cast off from the Thailand shore of the Mekong River in motor-powered pirogues. They were led by General Thao Ma, 42, onetime commander of the Royal Lao Air Force, who has lived in Thai exile since his 1966 abortive attempt to overthrow the Laotian government. After disembarking at the outskirts of Vientiane, the rebels rendezvoused with about 60 more sympathizers. A coup against Laos' neutralist leader, Prince Souvanna Phouma, had begun.



COUP LEADER GENERAL THAO MA AFTER PLANE CRASH
No support from the army or the U.S.

The rebels rapidly captured the airport, radio station and central bank without firing a shot. Ma headed for the airport, where he and three other pilots commandeered T-28 propeller-driven fighters, which they used to bomb and strafe the army's Chainimo garrison just outside the city.

Vientiane was hardly surprised. For days the capital had whispered of an impending coup, and even the Communist Pathet Lao radio had broadcast a warning twelve hours before Ma's move that there would be an uprising. The reason for all the confident predictions was that right-wingers within the military were upset by the terms of the political deal that Souvanna had all but signed with the Pathet Lao (TIME, Aug. 13). Conservatives grumbled that the prince was giving the Communists too many key posts in the proposed coalition government and allowing them to maintain too many soldiers in Vientiane and in Luangprabang, the royal capital. To seasoned observers of Laotian politics, who recall the spate of right-wing tries at coups in the early 1960s, the only uncertainty was how many of Souvanna's generals would desert him. As it turned out last week, none did.

Hard-lining Thao Ma found himself nearly alone. Instead of rallying to him, the army and its officers at first were confused and disorganized. America's chargé d'affaires, John Gunther Dean, exploited this hesitation with quick, decisive action. He saw that Souvanna was rushed to a secure and secret hiding place. Then Dean sped from one group of generals to another, consulted with the Pathet Lao, and even confronted Ma at the airport. Everywhere his message was the same: the U.S. would not aban-

don Souvanna and would not support the rebels. Since the Laotian armed forces get all of their equipment and money from the U.S., his message carried weight. The army stayed with Souvanna. The only army losses were the two soldiers who died when their Jeep crashed into a utility pole on the road to the airport.

By noon, just hours after the coup erupted, the government broadcast over the radio that "calm reigns in all regions." Ma had been captured after his plane crash-landed on its return to the Vientiane airport. Injured in the crash, he was placed under guard in the back of an open truck. Later, he was executed by an officer who fired a 45-cal. bullet into his temple. The government rounded up eleven other plotters and also shot them. Ironically, the coup's failure could hasten the kind of Laotian peace that it sought to prevent. Souvanna has emerged with his position strengthened by the firm support of the U.S. and the army.

JAPAN

Tremors and Tembatsu

This floating world is but a phantasm. It is a momentary smoke
—Hakuin (an 18th century Zen monk)

Tokyo is no phantasm. The world's second most populous city is an all too real concentration of 11.5 million jam-packed people. Many of them nonetheless feared last week that Tokyo might soon become a momentary smoke, with millions dead among unparalleled destruction. One reason for their fears was rational enough: all Japan has recently experienced unusual earthquake activity. Tokyo itself has felt 29 minor earthquakes this year—two last week. The other reason is superstitious: even the most modernized Japanese retain a sneaking regard for the traditional concept of *tembatsu* (heavenly punishment), which teaches that good times must be followed by disaster. No one can deny that Japan has been having fantastically good times.

These grim thoughts filled Japanese minds and media with the approach of Sept. 1, the 50th anniversary of one of the most devastating earthquakes known to history. It leveled and burned Tokyo and neighboring cities with a loss of 143,000 lives.

This year, Tokyoites have had still more reminders that they are, in effect, sitting on a volcano. Mount Asama, 85 miles northwest of Tokyo, literally blew

its top in February. Three months later, there was an upheaval in the Pacific seabed that lifted part of the bottom of the Bonin Trench an astonishing 6,000 ft., forming a new volcano north of Iwo Jima. In June came a major quake in Hokkaido, though it caused no deaths.

In May, photographs from a U.S. satellite showed two parallel lines, running through the northern outskirts of Tokyo, that may represent faults in the earth's crust. Then Japanese seismologists were shaken up by a U.S. colleague. Columbia University's Christopher H. Scholz (TIME, Aug. 27) suggested that the Tokyo region could expect a major earthquake within the next few years. Seismologist Tsuneji Rikitake was not convinced by Scholz's reasoning—"The art of earthquake prediction is about as accurate as Chinese astrology," he snapped—but he had to concede that the danger was there. "The energy accumulation right down here [under Tokyo] must be something awesome."

Potential Bombs. The portents touched off a selling campaign by Tokyo department stores of survival kits containing medicines, canned foods and candles. The monthly magazine *Soh* devoted a whole issue to the catchy question "Could you survive a major earthquake?" No doubt millions of Japanese could—but their capital city probably would not.

Despite its mushroom crop of high-rise reinforced-concrete buildings, the city today is a worse firetrap than ever. Ichiro Uchibaba, an auto repairman who, as a boy of eight, survived the 1923 quake and firestorm, says: "It's worse today—these 2,000,000 cars and 3,000,000 kerosene stoves in Tokyo are potential bombs. They would cause millions of fires."

Says Tokyo Sociologist Ikutaro Shimizu: "After the 1923 quake, To-

kyo rebuilt itself into what it had been before—a state of chaos." That chaos has been compounded by a threefold increase in the population, and there are still as many flimsy, flammable wood and paper shacks as before. A major quake today, it has been estimated, might cause as many as 3,000,000 deaths. Yet most Japanese seem resigned. There is no mass exodus from Tokyo, though every new earth tremor is a jolting reminder of *tembatsu*.

AFRICA

The Stricken Six

Tumbling from the belly of the DC-4 streaking only 15 feet above Chad's sandy desert came bags of sorghum that burst on impact like tiny bombs. Hungry nomads scrambled for the grain, cramming it into tiny pots or wolfing it down on the spot. Reporting on the drop, Food and Agriculture Organization Logistics Officer Trevor Page said: "I imagine a little sandy sorghum will be a welcome change from roots and leaves."

The worst drought in Africa's recorded history has not yet killed many people. But for West Africa these days, the situation is quite literally one of feast or famine. In a massive multi-national relief effort, grain sacks are piled high in Dakar, Abidjan and Lagos, the chief railheads for the drought-desolated nations of Chad, Niger, Mauritania, Upper Volta, Mali and Senegal. Their antiquated railroad networks cannot move grain quickly enough into the interior. The ongoing airlift offers the most plausible solution, but there are not enough aircraft. The result is that while mass famine has been averted

over a 2,600-mi. strip stretching across the southern Sahara, many of the area's 24 million people are still seriously short of food. Severe malnutrition seems inevitable, and with it an increase in disease and a lowering of the average life span of 38.

Though rain has finally come, the six-year drought has hit some of these countries so hard that it will take them an estimated ten years to get back to their gross-national-product levels of two years ago. "Even with good rains," says FAO Spokesman George Dorsey, "there is bound to be a shortfall in this year's harvest. Some farmers, driven off their lands when wells went dry, did not return in time for this year's planting. Others ate their seeds to survive." In Mali alone, the government reports that 250,000 nomads have lost all their animals down to the last goat. For the nomads, that means they have lost everything. Taken as a whole, the six stricken nations may lose 60% of their cattle and 50% of their grain harvests this year.

Thus far, eleven nations—the U.S.



NOMAD MOTHER SCRONGES FOR SEEDS AMONG THE SANDS OF DESOLATED MALI-UPPER VOLTA FRONTIER AREA



NOUGENT/STOCA



REACHING OUT FOR RELIEF FOOD
Next year may be worse.

the Soviet Union, China, West Germany, Britain, France, Canada, Belgium, Italy, Spain and The Netherlands—have cooperated in a relief project sponsored by the U.S.'s Agency for International Development that has given the area \$135 million in food (U.S. share: \$43 million). Other nations have cooperated in FAO and Red Cross assistance efforts. "It has been a magnificent global effort," says Maurice J. Williams, the AID official who heads the U.S. program. "Without it, there would have been mass famine." While effective, the effort has been hampered by instances of corruption or indifference, particularly in Mali and Chad. Shrugged a Chad colonel when asked about piles of undistributed food: "If the nomads are hungry, let them come to population centers." Malian officials have also displayed a spectacular indifference to distributing supplies.

Plain inefficiency, however, has been the major problem for relief officials. Four of the six countries (Chad, Niger, Mali and Upper Volta) are on the United Nations list of "the least developed of the developing countries." FAO officials, concerned that this year's rains may prove insufficient, are recommending a series of precautions ranging from a post-harvest assessment of food needs to a crash program for restoring livestock herds. But FAO can only recommend. It is clear that action must be taken by the governments involved, to the best of their ability—and that best may not be good enough. FAO warns that unless intelligent and effective planning begins immediately, 1974 may prove still worse than 1973.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Vatican Diplomacy

For all his other papal duties, Pope Paul VI has always retained a fascination with world diplomacy. He spent 32 years in the Vatican's Secretariat of State, becoming in effect Foreign Minister under Pope Pius XII. One of his most cherished dreams since he stepped into the shoes of the fisherman nearly ten years ago has been to see the atrophied diplomatic muscle of the Holy See reinvigorated. He himself took the initiative with a series of historic journeys to Asia, Africa, and North and South America, becoming the most widely traveled Pope in history.

Now on the offensive again, he has summoned more than 80 Vatican "ambassadors" and heads of missions to Frascati in the Alban Hills near Rome. It will be the first plenary assembly of papal diplomats in Vatican history. The meeting, scheduled for early September, is expected to chart the Vatican's next moves toward better relations with Communist and non-Christian countries. Just how successful Pope Paul's past diplomatic overtures have been is underscored by the fact that the Holy See now has the right to name bishops in all Eastern European countries except Albania, and maintains diplomatic relations with eight Arab states. (It has pointedly avoided formal relations with Israel, since Rome refuses to acknowledge world Jewry's special relationship with its "homeland.")

Another leap forward was taken last July, when the Vatican was formally represented at the Helsinki conference on security and cooperation in Europe—the first international assembly in which the Vatican was an active participant, and not just an observer, since the Congress of Vienna in 1815. China has remained aloof. Despite a number of goodwill gestures by the Pope, the Chinese have shown little interest in dealing with the Vatican. How to establish such relations will clearly be one of the subjects on the agenda of the Alban Hills meeting.

Kim's Revenge

It seemed that Japan and South Korea had the perfect relationship. The Koreans had an economy thirsty for investments, the Japanese had an excess of foreign currency built up by their booming export trade. Over the years Japanese have edged out Americans as Korea's No. 1 investor, with more than \$326 million in private investments. Then came the mysterious kidnapping last month in Tokyo of South Korean Opposition Leader Dae Jung Kim. Although Kim was released in Seoul five days after being abducted, many Japanese are convinced that South Korean President Chung Hee Park's CIA masterminded and carried out the bizarre plot in violation of Japanese sov-

ereignty. Now Japanese Premier Kakuei Tanaka has bowed to public pressure and dramatized his country's displeasure by postponing until mid-October the annual ministerial meeting between the two countries. It had been scheduled for next week.

The postponement—the first in seven years of talks—has left both governments clearly unhappy. South Korea planned to present Japan with an even larger shopping list for new loans. In turn, Japan depended on consultations with Seoul to protect its large investments. The South Koreans were embarrassed by Japan's action, which in its way was sweet revenge for Kim, a long-standing foe of Park. But that was small consolation: he is being detained in Seoul under house arrest.

Poaching on the Rise

After years of relative safety from poachers, Kenya's elephants are once again threatened by ruthless ivory hunters. Strict bans on exports of ivory from nearby Zaire and Tanzania have made Kenya's pachyderms prime targets for poachers eager to supply a financially stable product used for curio carving, electronic insulators and piano keys. The demand is so great that recently the price of ivory has gone from \$14 to \$72 a kilo—even elephant teeth today bring \$21 a molar. As a result, poaching elephants for their tusks and teeth has become more lucrative than ever. Game officials estimate that in the next 18 months 10% of Kenya's more than 70,000 elephants will be killed by ivory hunters. Many of the victims will be young females because their ivory is softer and easier to carve.

The New Ice Age

The intellectuals of Eastern Europe have yet to benefit from the improving political climate between East and West. If anything, their lot has deteriorated, particularly in Czechoslovakia, where the leader of the Poliburo's hard-line faction, Vasil Bilák, seems to be carrying out a witch hunt against suspect liberal ideas. The lessening of tensions, Bilák has announced, will not result in official toleration of "rightists, opportunists, revisionists and organizers of counter-revolution."

Presumably to combat such scoundrels, the country's libraries have now started combing their shelves, removing thousands of works by some 300 Czechoslovak authors. The books are being crated and shipped to an unknown destination for pulping. References to them in library card catalogues are being destroyed. Works about or by Czechoslovakia's founder, Tomáš Masaryk, and about his successor, Eduard Beneš, have disappeared—as have all records relating to Alexander Dubček's 1968 fall from power. Editions of Marx and Engels fare no better if they contain prefaces by blacklisted authors.



WALTER CRONKITE, SAMMY DAVIS JR., DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK & MARLENE DIETRICH TURN UP IN A BOOK OF BABY PICTURES

PEOPLE



LESTER RIDES A MULE MADDOX-STYLE



BRIGITTE BARDOT PLAYS PIAF

Most of them would not have placed in a baby contest, but there they were, looking surprisingly like their grown-up selves. From Baby Adolf Hitler to Altar Boy **Richard Daley**, the passel of snapshots and more formal portraits had been assembled somewhat irreverently in a paperback album, *As They Were*, by Sylvia Topp and Tuli Kupferberg. Little **Walter Cronkite** sported short pants and big ears; **Sammy Davis Jr.** at three looked like a refugee from *Our Gang*; **Marlene Dietrich** was demurely Victorian, with a tiny heart-shaped locket and crossed ankles. As a baby, Baby Dr. **Benjamin Spock** wore a wide-brimmed hat, a Gerber smile, and a handsomely diminutive pair of buckled Mary Jane shoes.

Forty mules and Georgia's Lieutenant Governor **Lester Maddox** turned up for "Mule Day" at Gold Hills amusement park in Dahlonega, Ga. Maddox headed up a panel of four judges to pick the prettiest, ugliest and orniest mules

—with Ida, Bullwinkle, and a six-week-old youngster named Tom respectively getting the nod. While Maddox declined invitations to enter the hog-calling contest and greased-pig chase, he did accept a challenge to mount a mule. His first effort ended in a disastrous sprawl on the ground, and on the second try Maddox somehow wound up mounted backward on the beast.

But then Lester even likes to ride his bicycle backward if he is in view of a TV camera.

What a life Singer **Edith Piaf** had! Born in the gutter, lived awhile in a cousin's whorehouse, discovered on a street corner. What a role to play! Brigitte Bardot, 19, a little-known French actress who has played mainly with provincial companies, was chosen for the film version of the bestselling biography by Simone Bertheau, the "Little Sparrow's" half sister. Brigitte, who was nine when Piaf died in 1963, has little in common with the megaphone-voiced singer except her height (4 ft. 11 in.). The songs will be dubbed in. About the part, Brigitte says: "It's an overwhelming role that has upset my whole life."

Only last month **Olga Korbut**, 18, threatened to quit gymnastics if the International Gymnastic Federation curbed her risky, highly personal style.

She won her battle, at least temporarily. Last week she copped five gold medals at the World University Games in Moscow. The crowd went wild with adulation, but there were some off-notes in other events. Russian Jews who cheered Israeli athletes were taunted as "kikes" and roughed up by other Russians, and the American basketball team got caught in a melee started by their Cuban opponents. The spectators, who had



OLGA KORBUT WINS IN MOSCOW

been rooting for the Cubans, responded with sportsmanly chants of "Cuba no, Yankees si!"

In the district court in Nantucket, Mass., the average punishment for driving an auto in a manner to endanger the lives and safety of the public is a \$50 to \$100 fine. The late Senator **Robert Kennedy's** son Joseph, 20, who was so charged (TIME, Aug. 27) and convicted, received a \$100 fine, a suspended license and an admonition from Justice C. George Anastos: "I would hope you would use your illustrious name as an example that could be an asset to the young people of your age, instead of becoming involved in cases that bring you into court." Joe's mother Ethel, along with his uncle, Senator **Edward Kennedy**, had flown to Nantucket by charter plane from the family compound in Hyannis Port. After the three-hour trial, the Senator walked up to the prosecutor and said: "You have been very fair." Meanwhile, in the Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis, Pamela Kelly, 18, who was critically injured in the car driven by Joe, showed some signs of partial recovery from her waist-down paralysis.

The author of the new bestseller *Marilyn* seemed a startling choice as this year's recipient of the staid MacDowell Colony's 14th annual award for "outstanding service to the arts." But

there in Peterborough, N.H., clearly enjoying the admiration and an alfresco lunch, was **Norman Mailer**. Thinned down from prepublication fasting, Mailer looked a bit like a quizzical coyote as he listened to a speech about his favorite writer by John Leonard, editor of the *New York Times* Book Review. Warming to his subject, Leonard variously described Mailer as a "libidinal compost heap," "a cyclotron run amuck," and a writer who wears his books "like a string of grenades." Then he got round to comparing Mailer (favorably) to Dickens, D.H. Lawrence and Don Quixote. The author thanked Leonard for his mellifluous praise but gently observed that, however gratifying, it was all "too little and too late."

Dyan Cannon, 35, the zaftig star of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and *The Last of Sheila*, has decided that she can do as well in Las Vegas as in Hollywood. To tune up for her nightclub debut, she has been working out at home in Malibu Beach on bongo drums, conga drums, a guitar and a piano. Dyan was also belting out a few screams as part of her program of primal therapy. "I've

KEN BEGAN—CAMERA 2



DYAN CANNON TUNES UP

spent the last three or four years worried more about what I feel than my career," she said. The screams also loosen her up for her own rhythm and blues songs, which she is recording on an album to be called *Come Sip My Wine*.

Proudly trying out his new 60-ft. yacht *Toh-Be-Kin* at the entrance to the harbor at Newport Beach, Calif., Senator **Barry Goldwater**, 64, heard a woman's screams from the water. Maneuvering his boat toward a couple who had been thrown from their small speedboat, the Senator tried to reach them by tossing them a rope. Failing, he dived into the water fully clothed and rescued Mr. and Mrs. Glen Machlitt of North Hollywood. Goldwater pulled the

Machlitts into his boat, in shock but still conscious, and turned them over to the harbor police, departing without waiting for praise.

"It's lucky blue is your best color." **G. Gordon Liddy**'s wife told him the first time she saw him in denim work clothes behind the bars of the District of Columbia Jail. In the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Frances Liddy explained that her husband "feels he is serving his country by sitting in jail and saying nothing." She and their five children, ages 9 to 14, agree: "We would have felt he was a coward if he had acted any less resolutely than he has." Mrs. Liddy, who now supports her family by teaching school, scoffed at the rumor that her husband has been paid to keep silent. When Liddy writes the children, all of whom swim in country-club competitions, "on the outside of their envelopes he always prints the same message: 'Win!'" The bumper of the family Jeep bears a sticker. Mrs. Liddy went on, that reads **WELCOME HOME P.O.W.s**. "I intend to leave it there until we welcome home our own P.O.W.!"

Colonel Harland Sanders, 82, the Kentucky Fried Chicken magnate, has also become a benefactor of sorts. Sanders and his wife gave half a million dollars to erect a library at Lincoln Memorial University, an academic storehouse of Abraham Lincoln memorabilia founded on Feb. 12, 1897, at Cumberland Gap, Tenn. Sanders then proceeded to **Norman Rockwell's** Stockbridge, Mass., home for a fast portrait sitting, presenting the painter, 79, with an honorary commission as a Kentucky colonel. Said Rockwell in a slightly awed voice: "He showed up all dressed in white with that white hair and white beard. He's the most handsome and picturesque man I've ever seen."



NORMAN ROCKWELL MEETS COLONEL SANDERS

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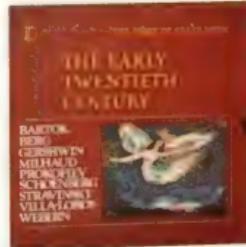
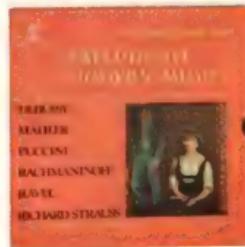
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Stripped-Down Mozart

Though best known as a film actor (*Topkapi*, *Spartacus*), playwright (*Romanoff and Juliet*) and radio and TV wit ("NATO? Six nations in search of an enemy!"), Peter Ustinov is also an old hand at opera. Over the past decade he has staged one-actors by Puccini, Ravel and Schönberg at Covent Garden, and in 1968 he directed a successful new version of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* at the Hamburg State Opera. Until that possible day when he sings and acts all the parts in Wagner's *Ring* cycle, Ustinov's most ambitious operatic venture will be the *Don Giovanni* he conceived, designed and directed for the opening of the 27th Edinburgh International Festival last week.

Ustinov's *Don Giovanni* turned out to be in direct proportion to the cheese-wedge of a stage in Edinburgh's 1906 King's Theater. ("Kings came in smaller versions in those days," he quipped.) Stripping away the interpretive layers of two centuries, Ustinov kept his unit set spare, his cast mobile, and his dramatic touches brief but to the point. When Swiss Bass Peter Lagger came to life spookily as the Commendatore in the second-act cemetery scene after using a yoga technique to remain motionless, there were shivers in the audience. "When we frightened, we frightened by the simplest means," said Ustinov.

The major innovation was Ustinov's abandonment of the traditional setting of the opera—the broadened and balconied court life of old Seville—in favor of a Goyaesque countryside vision of 18th century Spain. "Like Goya," said

Ustinov. "Mozart had a fine sense of the intense dark and light sides of life, often imprisoned so tightly together that it is frightening to ask too many questions. The people in *Don Giovanni* could have been the people staring at you from the depths of Goya's portraits." As for the don himself, said Ustinov, he is "not really my kind of man. He has this superb kind of facile surface charm, like the Ferrari drivers of the world. Quite repellent underneath."

Though it was not an entirely successful approach—some first-nighters found Ustinov's somber lighting too unvarying, his crowd scenes too busy—Ustinov did manage to balance the bawdy with the foreboding in a psychologically adroit way. Costumes contrasted gaily and innocently with the ominous surroundings. The mood was like nothing so much as a folk festival in which the compassionate, suspicious, sacred, profane and foolish commingled.

To underline this conception, Ustinov allowed no cast bows after individual arias, no curtain calls at the end of Act I, and only one curtain call at the finale. Fine for the show, but a bit of a sacrifice for the exemplary cast (notably Roger Soyer as the don, Sir Geraint Evans as Leporello, and Heather Harper as Elvira) and Conductor Daniel Barenboim. Only seven years after rearranging a notable piano career to include the baton, Barenboim, 30, made an impressive operatic debut at Edinburgh, bringing forth from the English Chamber Orchestra a powerfully humane and often witty reading ideally geared to Ustinov's provocative ideas about the composer.

Concert Not-So-Grands

In a Washington, D.C., recital recently, Brazilian Pianist Ney Salgado was negotiating the tricky rapids of Ravel's *Alborado del Gracioso*. Suddenly—oops!—several notes failed to sound. Salgado stopped in mid-passage, rose and faced his astonished audience. A memory lapse? Finger cramps? Hardly. "The keys are stuck—I cannot go on," Salgado explained walking offstage.

Unfortunately, the Washington breakdown was far from an isolated occurrence. In addition to the traditional hardships of the concert circuit—captains critics, eccentric plane schedules, hotel-room mix-ups—pianists have lately been coping with a rash of recalcitrant and faulty instruments. "Twice in two weeks I've had the keys come right off the piano," says Byron Janis. "In Flagstaff, Arizona, I was in the middle of Rachmaninoff's *G-Minor Piano Concerto* when all of a sudden a tiny jagged piece of wood jabbed my finger where the B-flat had been a second before. A week later at the University of Maryland, a bass A-flat flew off as I was finishing a Chopin sonata—they glued it back with hot epoxy during the break." Both instruments were brand new, one a Steinway, the other a Baldwin—the two makes whose pianos are used at 99% of all U.S. concerts.

"It appears that everything this country makes today is not of the quality it was 50 years ago," sighs Jack Romann, artists manager of the Baldwin Piano Co. While Romann does not foresee a time when flying flats will be prized souvenirs, like Liszt's popped piano strings, he admits: "It would be naive to think that piano building hasn't suffered the same as other American crafts."

David Rubin, concert and artists manager at Steinway & Sons, also cites a decline in service. Two weeks ago, Spanish Pianist Alicia de Larrocha struggled valiantly with the stiff action of a Steinway at a recital near Washington, D.C., after a local dealer's technician denied her request for a minor adjustment, insisting that the instrument was in "perfect condition." Misha Dichter, 27, still smarts from the rebuff of a tuner in St. Paul who responded to his complaint about the house piano "Listen, young whippersnapper. Liberace played it and he liked it."

Costs today prohibit most musicians from touring with their own personal pianos as did the great artists of the past. Veteran Performer Gary Graffman, however, has found his own drastic solution. Before Graffman goes on tour he consults his Truth Box, a card file indexed by city and state, with his own appraisal of the pianos available. If the card indicates the piano is a dud, and the sponsor fails to provide a substitute, Graffman cancels the concert.

USTINOV'S SKETCH FOR "GIOVANNI" & USTINOV CLOWNING WITH BARENBOIM



Fact as Poetry

The house itself is strictest Wyeth: gabled white clapboard, severe and trim and sagging a little off plumb; country-craftsman geometry perched on a flat tongue of land at the sea's edge in Cushing, Me. It looks thrifty, and was: its owner bought it for \$50 and trucked it to the site. Inside, the illusion of having entered one of the man's pictures multiplies. The ceilings are low, the furniture old and spartan, the rooms small, white and uncluttered. A lot of distinct air surrounds each object. Through the front window, one sees a lawn with an 18th century cannon pointed at the indiffering horizon.

And out the back, what? An aged dory, weathering silver among the four thousand blades of brown grass, each painted separately in egg tempera? In fact, no, a dark, secretive-looking Stutz Blackhawk, \$38,500 worth of Republican Mafia dream-hearse with a Cadillac engine and custom-fitted luggage, polished like an immense eggplant. Frank Sinatra has one, Elvis Presley owns two; but this model, an engraved plate on the dashboard attests, was fabricated in Turin for Andrew Wyeth. "People expect me to get around in an oxcart," says the painter. "But this thing's pretty useful. I can drive it into the fields when the weather's cold, turn on the heater, and sit on the roof to do a watercolor with my legs hanging inside."

In a way the car is appropriate, for Wyeth, at 56, is one of America's most durable institutions. The audience for advanced art is, as Roy Lichtenstein once wryly observed, about as big as the audience for advanced chemistry. Wyeth's audience, however, runs into the millions. His infrequent exhibitions—the most recent of which is a retrospective organized by Art Historian Wanda M. Corn at the De Young Museum in San Francisco—jam the galleries with visitors; in the U.S. only Picasso can pull more crowds than Wyeth. The price of a Wyeth watercolor begins at about \$20,000, and his minutely detailed tempera paintings, of which he manages to finish about two a year, are said to have gone past \$100,000 apiece.

Nor is any American painter coated with a more adhesive legend: the salty country boy who never went to school and picked it all up in his father's studio; the brusque down-Easter with a Huck Finn smile who never went for that French art stuff and never once moved out of America. The weathered faces of Wyeth's favorite subjects

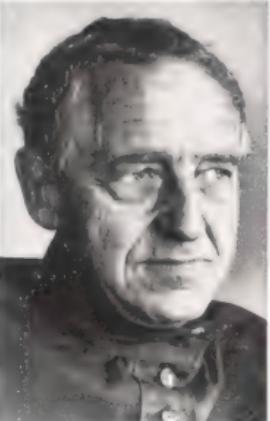
—Christina Olson, Karl Kuerner or Ralph Cline, the veteran patriot with a skull like a parchment-covered round shot—have become nearly as familiar as Charlie Brown or Donald Duck. They are seen as icons of survival and indomitability, and their clipped-tongue recti-

tude evokes the silence of the bald eagle.

The landscape they inhabit resembles them. Dour, bare and snow-patched, with low horizons of brown hill or gray water, a wind incessantly prying at the boards of the creaky frame houses, it is the soil from which virtue is meant to grow: even the pumpkin on Wyeth's fence post, if pumpkins could vote, would have voted for Ike. "Wyeth country"—the Pennsylvania farm land around Chadds Ford, where he spends the winter, and the summer acreage in Maine—has become landscape as myth or monument by now, the American middlebrow's equivalent of Cézanne's Mont-Saint-Victoire or Monet's lily ponds at Giverny.

Certainly, much of Wyeth's success flows from nostalgia. Many people

EUGENE THOMAS



PAINTER ANDREW WYETH
Also, a supercharged eggplant.

would like to project themselves at first hand, exchanging—for half an hour—their self-cleaning ovens for the black, bulbous wood stove that squats in the Ericksons' kitchen, and their disaster-crammed TV screens for the lean prospect glimpsed from the Olsons' attic window. Small wonder, then, that Wyeth's critics have dismissed "the other Andy" (as one of them, thinking of Warhol, called him) as a fabulist, and his images as a sentimental mix of frontierland and Cold Comfort Farm. The objection is almost political.

Theatricality has been in Wyeth's marrow since childhood, and his paintings, when weak, rarely permit one to forget the atmosphere of lantern-lit masquerade in which his father, the profusely talented illustrator N.C. Wyeth, reveled. When swashbuckling or fantasized, as in much of his work before

the 1960s, that theatricality could make Wyeth seem as vulgar as Thomas Hart Benton—though much subtler in design and drawing.

Although Wyeth is sometimes described as a "realist," the term is misleading when applied to him; his images are not direct transcriptions of what he sees, undited slices of life. There is always a great deal of compression, suppression and choice—sometimes, it is true, bending to sentimentality but in his best work at the service of an elusive poetry of mood. The painter would like to be invisible, to have his subjects treat him as if he were not there. "You see, I'm a secretive bastard. I wish I could paint without me existing, that just my hands were there." This is theater as concealment, rather than display—the obverse of N.C. Wyeth's costume dramas. And it connects to the secretive postures of Andrew Wyeth's human subjects, painted looking away or from the back. There is more to these poses than literary anecdote, though they dwindle to that when Wyeth's delicacy falters. But at his best, his images become hermetic, despite their apparent candor: a peacock or a hanging cornhusk seems to brim with undisclosed biography. When the elusiveness at the core of his imagination reacts with his virtuoso power of rendering the soberest nuance of light, texture and weight, Wyeth becomes a formidable artist.

A recent step in Wyeth's slow move away from anecdote is marked by a group of nudes. The model was a teenage girl named Siri Erickson, daughter of one of Wyeth's Finnish neighbors. "She had this immense vitality," says Wyeth. "I liked that directness. She's part of the country, planted in it, absolutely unself-conscious. Lipstick never entered her mind." He met her shortly after his favorite woman model (or character), Christina Olson, died. "Siri seemed like a bridge to me, or a new cycle; life coming out of death." The resulting pictures, done between 1968 and 1972, are among the soldest and least theatrical of Wyeth's work. They are also—to the extent that it is possible with naked flesh—puritanical pictures, chill in their contrasts of skin pallor and gloom, of skin against the resistant textures of grit, wood and opaque brown foliage. There is an edge of contrivance: *Black Water*, 1972, is much posed, and the profile of the body against its dark background is a trifle obvious as a metaphor of hills and undulant landscape. But in the best of these pictures, like *The Sauna*, 1968, and *Indian Summer*, 1970, laconic composition and reflective grasp of structure place this sturdy, blunt frame before us with a tender but remote specificity. Fact as poetry is becoming Wyeth's strength.

■ Robert Hughes



"Indian Summer," 1970

**Andrew Wyeth:
Topless in Chadds Ford**



"The Sauna," 1968



"Black Water," 1972

“King of the Surf”

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The Usefulness of Obsolescent Ideas

... And what there is to conquer... has already been discovered

Once or twice or several times...

*There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again.*

—T.S. Eliot, *The Four Quartets*

Perhaps universal history is the history of a few metaphors.

—Jorge Luis Borges, *The Fearful Sphere of Pascal*

This appears to be a time when Americans are running out of new ideas—and perhaps not a moment too soon. Many of these ideas have not worked out very well. In the tooth-and-claw combat of the intellectual arena, they have been found rather scrappy and undernourished, much like the bulls that are being served up in Spanish rings these days. At the moment of truth, they have fallen short—and so have some of the ambitious social programs built on them. It is no surprise, then, that certain seemingly obsolescent ideas long ago discarded and (some thought) buried forever, are making a comeback and looking fresher than ever in their second incarnation. Or is it their third or fourth or . . . ?

EDUCATION ISN'T EVERYTHING. That was the way Americans put it through most of their—intermittently anti-intellectual—history. You could learn the three Rs in school, but precious little about life in the rough. In the past two or three decades, that philosophy changed as billions of dollars of federal funds were pumped into education with the aim of eliminating a variety of social ills: poverty, criminality, class distinctions. But the massive effort by no means achieved the lofty goals. In his controversial new book, *Inequality*, Psychologist Christopher Jencks argues that education is only one of many factors—and by no means the most important—in bringing about social change. Sounding something like the antieducationists of old, Sociologist James Coleman recommends that students spend a part of their learning years in outside jobs. They would not be so segregated from the rest of society, and they would pick up experience of life that they miss in the classroom. Increasingly, colleges are offering students the opportunity to interrupt their studies to take temporary jobs.

ISOLATIONISM BECOMES SEMI-RESPECTABLE. When Attorney John Wilson, who represented John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman at the Watergate hearings, called himself a "little American," he was not necessarily being insulting. These days, many Americans prefer that reduced image to the earlier strutting one. Isolationism is no longer a dirty word, as it was two decades ago, though it is not yet an altogether respectable one. John Kennedy's stirring inaugural pledge: "We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and the success of liberty," seems to belong to another world.

THE ECONOMY ESCAPES FROM ECONOMISTS. Adam Smith cautioned against tampering with the "invisible hand": the myriad acts of buying and selling that maintain the equilibrium of a free economy. In recent Keynesian years, economists have boldly tried to fine-tune the economy with their own hands. For a while in the 1960s, their experiments seemed to work wonders. Steady growth was achieved without intolerable inflation. Subsequently, their hands began to falter as they clearly lost control. With a modesty not previously associated with their profession, economists admit that, in the words of Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, "The rules of economics are not working quite the way they used to." Until they learn what causes the modern economy to act as it does, they have decided that the wisest policy may be to meddle less with it—as Adam Smith advised.

GENES ARE DESTINY. Not in many years has a respectable academic dared to say that man's fate lay in his stars or his genes. Social ills were attributed to the environment; change that and you change man. While the environment has been changing, man, apparently, has not. So renewed attention is being paid to genes. A number of iconoclasts, including Psychologists Arthur Jensen and Richard Herrnstein, argue that intelligence is largely inherited and cannot be significantly improved by family, schooling or any other environmental factor. A furious debate is now raging over this assault on egalitarianism. Blacks in particular are upset because they feel that their lower IQ scores, as a group, are the result of discrimination and deprivation.

THE MERIT SYSTEM EARNS DEMENTIA. To banish discrimination, progressive thinkers attacked the quotas that restricted the admission of minority groups to colleges and jobs. Eventually, merit systems, based on objective testing, replaced the quotas. Equal opportunity was supposedly assured for all. But equal opportunity did not lead necessarily to equal success. As some groups lagged behind in the competition, people began to discern a "white middle-class bias" in the testing. Where to turn next? To quotas, of course, as the doubtful means to assure minority access to colleges and jobs.

ETHNICITY IS IN. In contrast to the Old World behavior of their parents, first-generation Americans tried to shed their ethnic identity and join the melting pot. Now, with Americanism under something of a cloud, people are rediscovering their ethnic roots and returning to native dress and behavior. Buttons proclaim: KISS ME, I'M POLISH, HUNGARIAN POWER and ESKIMO POWER. Richard Nixon has boasted of his trace of Irish ancestry, and George Wallace allows as how he has Jewish laws. Practically nobody tries to pass for a WASP any more.

EVR RETURNS. The devil, it can be reliably reported, is alive and well. He no longer appears in his ancient theological raiment; he is more subtly lodged in the human personality—a seventh circle of the psyche—where he is currently known as the instinct of aggression. Such is the description he has been given by ethologists like Konrad Lorenz and Robert Ardrey, who argue that fundamental drives are the basis of human behavior. In the '60s, it was commonly supposed that the devil could be banished by improving human institutions, but he seems scarcely daunted by such superficial change.

The older ideas that are re-emerging are perhaps less comforting than the more optimistic ones they replace. Their revival casts some doubt on the popular notion that Americans must constantly change their ideas like their clothing. People may be suffering a severe case of future shock, but the reason may be not that they are unprepared for the future but that they tend to forget the past. So much that seems to happen for the first time has, in fact, happened many times before. Thus the temptation of the '60s was to think, overoptimistically, that good intentions could solve any problem; the overly pessimistic tendency of the '70s may be to believe that few solutions are available. To lose one's way and find it again is as American as humble pie.

*Edwin Warner

JENCKS



SMITH



HERRNSTEIN



LORENZ



Base Hit

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY

Directed by JOHN HANCOCK

Screenplay by MARK HARRIS

*Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut.
And silence sounds no worse than
cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.*

A.E. Housman did not have Bruce Pearson in mind when he wrote "To an Athlete Dying Young." Pearson, a third-string catcher for the New York Mammoths, is impossible to cast in the heroic Grecian mode. He is a Georgia backwoodsman who can't get the hang of spitting his tobacco accurately, let alone of making his teammates respect or even like him very much. His only distinction is that he has been prematurely touched by mortality, in the form of Hodgkin's disease.

Nobody would write a poem about Henry Wiggen, either. But they do write magazine stories about him, press lucrative endorsement offers on him, ask him to appear on the talk shows. Wiggen is to the fictional Mammoths what Tom Seaver is to the real-life Mets—an ace pitcher with all the right media moves who spends much of his time peddling insurance policies indiscriminately to teammates and opponents alike. The only quirk in his character is his friendship with simple old Bruce.

Wiggen (Michael Moriarty), realizing that a marginal player like Pearson (Robert de Niro) will be released if management gets wind of his illness, ends a spring-training holdout by accepting less money than he is worth—if the

owners will agree not to cut Bruce. His efforts to keep Bruce's secret from shrewd Skipper Dutch Schnell (Vincent Gardenia), to get the rest of the club to quit ragging a man they don't know is dying, and to encourage Bruce to play above his half-empty head, form the substance of a funny, gentle and honest sentimental movie that is easily one of the best of the year in any category, and very possibly the best movie about sport ever made in this country.

Director Hancock and Writer Harris (adapting his own fine novel), have great, knowledgeable fun with the game, getting in their licks at greedy owners, new-breed ballplayers who practice their pop songs right in the locker room, and old-breed managers and coaches who fail to understand that the game is merely a metaphor for life, not life itself.

But the genius of the movie lies in its introduction of the one subject that superbly conditioned young men rarely think about: death. Their efforts to come to grips with it, to handle it nonchalantly, as if it were an easy pop-up, are shy, deeply touching and completely winning. De Niro's doomed bumpkin is wonderfully exasperating, one of the most unsympathetic characters ever to win an audience's sympathy. Moriarty's Wiggen captures a young celebrity in the moment just before his public persona has iced over his humanity. Gardenia's manager is a perfect study in confusion—the baseball man floundering in existential depths.

The emotional high point comes when Wiggen, groping for the meaning of it all, finally comes up with an explanation that satisfies Pearson and probably ought to satisfy everyone else

too: "Everybody knows everybody is dying. That's why people are as good as they are to people." This line, like everything else in this extraordinarily well-made film, is thrown away quickly and casually. But the line, and the movie, reverberate in the memory—not like a slowly, portentously banged drum, but like the crack of a bat drilling a clean single through the visitors' infield on a sweet summer's day in a more innocent time. ■Richard Schickel

Summer Sanity

I COULD NEVER HAVE SEX WITH ANY MAN WHO HAS SO LITTLE REGARD FOR MY HUSBAND

Directed by ROBERT McCARTY

Screenplay by DAN GREENBURG

Where does kitchen kidding leave off and hard-core adultery begin? This movie's refreshing answer: never—not if you were born too soon to join an activist cell in the sexual revolution.

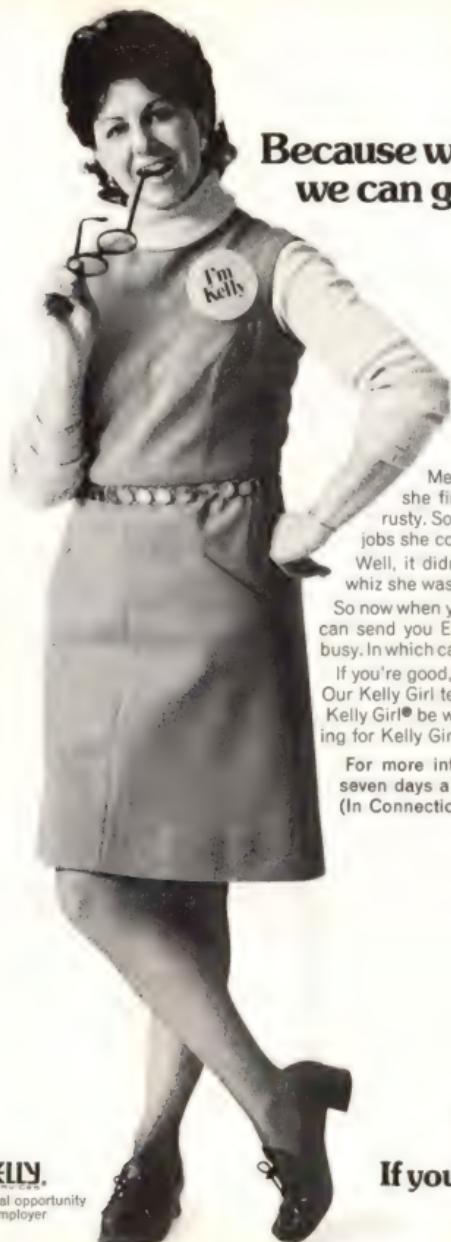
The two couples who decide to share a house on Martha's Vineyard one horribly rainy summer are, like a lot of other people in their 30s, anxious not to be considered square. After all, they see the same swingy plays and movies as everyone else; they read the same magazine articles earnestly explaining how the multitudes have abandoned the old taboos. So one from Column A (Carmino Ciardi) and one from Column B (Lynne Lipton) feel a certain social obligation to try mate swapping.

Their spouses (Cynthia Harris and Andrew Duncan) are more hang-backish—or hung-upish. But it is Lynne Lipton who precipitates the movie's sketch-sized dramatic crisis. How, she inquires, can she have an affair with a man whose wife has been a good sport about losing at strip hide-and-go-seek? Ciardi sulks, then has a mystical experience in which one of the heavenly host informs him that, up there, adultery ranks with crimes like parking in a loading zone. Thus reassured, the couple almost manages to do the fashionable thing—only to be defeated by guilt and one of those summer-house couches you cannot even sit on comfortably.

Writer Greenburg is a good-natured humorist whose essays and novels (*How to Be a Jewish Mother, Scoring*) have demonstrated a shrewd and compassionate eye for the frets and frustrations of middlebrow, middle-class urban America. His first film script is a similarly gentle, knowing throwaway. Director McCarty is careful to make no big deal of it, and his quartet of players is attractively fumble-thumbed in their efforts to have their decorum and shed it too. *I Could Never* may be the least important—certainly the least pretentious—movie of the year. But it is far from the least amusing. ■R.S.

MICHAEL MARIETY & ROBERT DE NIRO IN LOCKER-ROOM SCENE FROM "DRUM"





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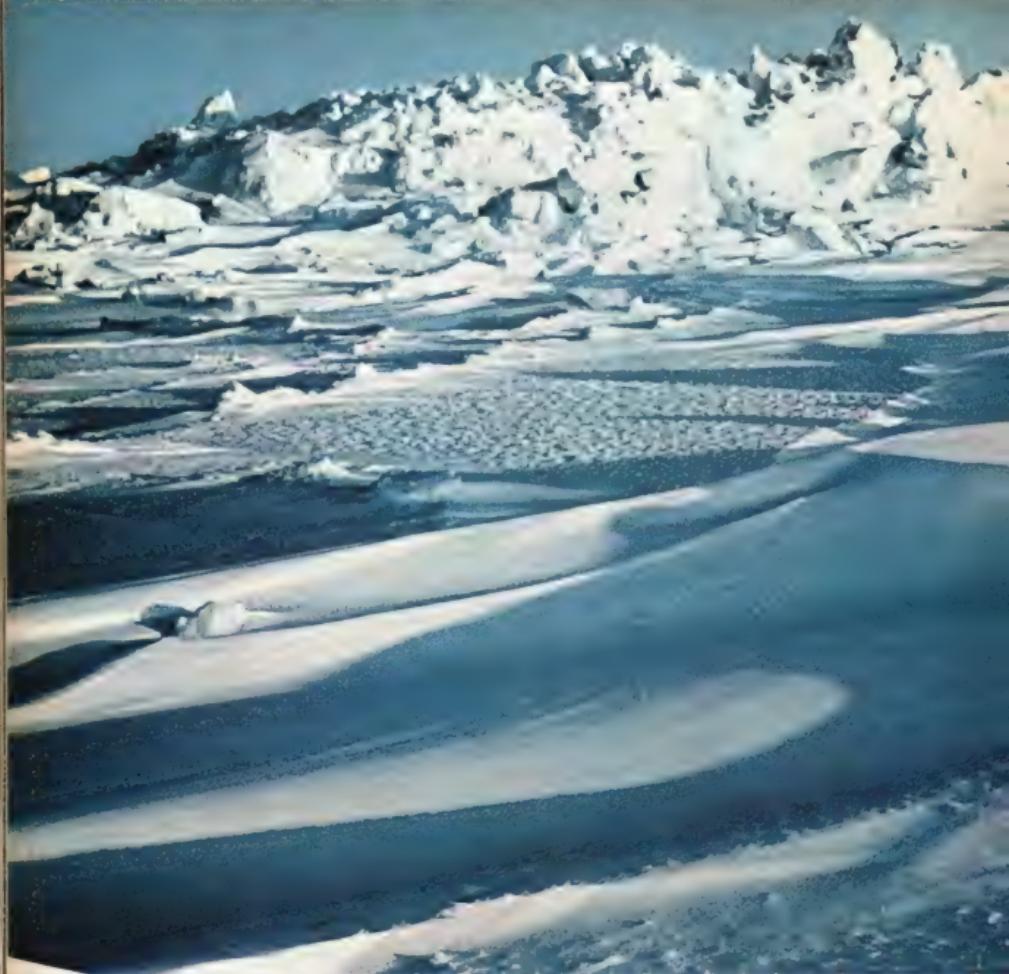
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The Great Unknown

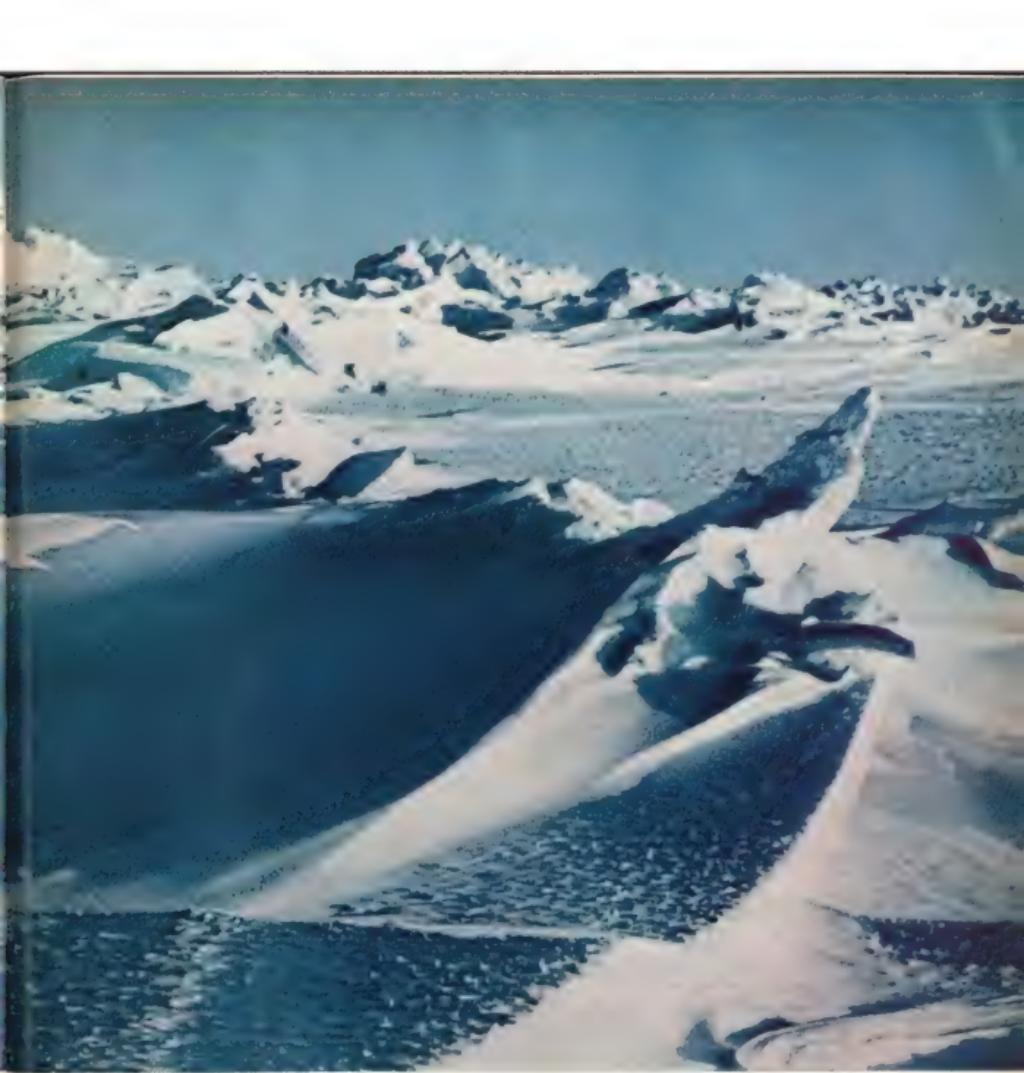
It stretches from the icebound coast all the way to the pole;
an infinity of white, a continent of white, almost blinding
in the sun's glare off frozen fields. Unknown territory.
Yet perhaps, something is there, in the earth, beneath the
permafrost; secret wealth and treasure, if only one would look ...

Worlds of knowledge lie beyond the unknown; behind the
mysteries, under the rose. Commercial Union. One of the
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine.
100's: 10 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. 73.

Digging for Credit

Above them towers the stone wall that Herod the Great erected around the Temple Mount of ancient Jerusalem. More than 50 ft. below the top of the southern facade, a group of American girls hacks away with picks at the gray, lifeless earth. When they fill their two-handled rubber baskets, they pass them on to a chain of perspiring, bare-chested male students who carry the rubble to the surface.

For eight weeks this summer, 82 juniors and seniors from three campuses of Ambassador College, headquartered in Pasadena, Calif., dug into soil undisturbed for 20 centuries. For their labor they earned board, lodging and four credit points toward a B.A. degree.

Ambassador College's archaeology program is by no means unique. More than 40 American colleges and universities now have similar "field schools." This summer alone, several thousand U.S. and foreign students dug for credit or fun or both on locations ranging from Yahualica, Mexico, to the village of Rockcliffe in southwest Scotland.

The popularity of the programs reflects a growing interest in archaeology on the part of the students, who seem to counter the creed of the "now" generation in their fascination with the past. Some of the compulsion for archaeology, suggests Bryn Mawr Graduate Student Erik Nielson, is that "you can only learn so much from books. There comes a point when you have to kneel over a trench and handle an object that's fresh from the ground." Despite the long hours, backbreaking and often boring labor, an increasing number of students have been doing just that. Some of the more interesting summer digs:

JERUSALEM: Since 1968 more than 400 students have taken part in Ambassador

College's archaeological program in Jerusalem. This year the school could accept only 40% of those who applied. Unlike excavations elsewhere, the Jerusalem project continues throughout the year. It is conducted by Hebrew University under one of the world's greatest authorities on biblical archaeology, Benjamin Mazar. The point of the expedition is to uncover Herodian Jerusalem near the Temple Mount and try to get down to the foundations of the city at the time of King David (circa 1010 B.C. to 970 B.C.).

The originator of the program, Theology Department Chairman Ernest Martin, considers the Jerusalem dig one of the largest and most exciting archaeological active work sites in the world. "Here the Old and New Testaments come alive for the students," he says. Out of respect for orthodox Arab customs and feelings, the students kept their hair short and their clothes modest, and they bedded down in separate male and female quarters at the Shepherd Hotel in Jerusalem.

SCOTLAND: The village of Rockcliffe in Kirkcudbrightshire (pronounced Coo-bree-sher) in southwest Scotland lies at the end of the Moors Road and overlooks the silvery waters of the Solway Firth. Just outside the village on a high, rocky peak, a group of young archaeological students, under the direction of Lloyd R. Laing of the University of Liverpool, spent five weeks trying to find the palace of King Urien of Rheged, as part of their course for a degree in ancient and medieval history and archaeology. The site, which is a citadel with ramparts, dates back to the early Christian period or the Dark Ages, and was inhabited from the late 5th to the early 7th centuries A.D.

Laing's students dug six days a week, starting at 9:30 in the morning

and continuing in shifts until 8 in the evening. They lived in a nearby campsite and prepared their own food. While they unearthed interesting artifacts, the archaeologists were unsuccessful in locating the palace, which Laing believes to be a wooden structure like King Arthur's of roughly the same period, found recently at South Cadbury (Camelot).

ITALY: South of Siena in the tiny village of Murlo, Professor Kyle M. Phillips Jr. of Bryn Mawr and his students have dug, cleaned, studied and catalogued during the past eight summers more than 3,000 pieces of Etruscan pottery, terra cotta, bronze and other materials brought up from the ruins of a huge (4,500 sq. yds.) temple-like building that the archaeologist calls "the sanctuary."

A site like Murlo, Phillips says, is both a professional excavation that can yield important finds and a school for producing new archaeologists. At Murlo he has had students from Bryn Mawr, Haverford, the University of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore, Princeton and Harvard—and even a Groton senior who used the summer to find out that he did not want to be an archaeologist.

Like most of the excavations in Italy, Murlo was strictly an eight-week summer affair. At the site, each student-archaeologist, known by the impressive title of "trench master," supervised a number of local workmen who were hired to dig for the season. "The worst thing is the heat," says Trench Mistress Jenifer Neils, a 22-year-old Princeton graduate student in classical archaeology. "But when you find something it doesn't matter how hot it is."

Tailor-Made Textbooks

When Marc Strausberg was an eager young salesman for Allyn & Bacon, he found that the college professors he called on were never quite satisfied with the textbooks they ordered for their courses. "They all wanted a little more of this part in the book or a little less of another," Strausberg recalls. His solution: "Why couldn't I offer to collect only those materials the professor wanted, get permission to use them and publish a custom-made book?"

Strausberg recruited his father, a retired printer, for the project. With \$5,000 borrowed from an uncle, they leased an Itek platemaker that could produce low-cost offset printing plates in just under a minute. Strausberg struggled along for almost three years and then sold his little company, Selected Academic Readings, to Simon & Schuster. After getting into an argument with S. & S., he started out again as MSS Information Corp. In four years MSS has published 700 books, and sales this fiscal year are expected to reach \$800,000. In addition to Simon & Schuster, Xerox has now also entered the field of

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE STUDENTS DIGGING AT TEMPLE WALL IN JERUSALEM



EDUCATION

"demand publishing," and will have some 100 titles by the end of the year—a development that leaves Strausberg unperturbed. Because of what he terms "fragmentation" in college curriculums, he says "there is room for hundreds of companies like ours."

"There are so many more courses that publishers can't keep up with them all," Strausberg argues. "There aren't enough books in women's courses or Afro-American studies or in certain areas of psychology or education. The big textbook houses have to stick to traditional introductory course texts that will sell in large amounts."

Professor F. Chris Garcia of the University of New Mexico, for example, wanted a collection of readings in Chicano politics. The materials he picked—a jumble of the various original type faces and page sizes—included three different articles from a quarterly titled *Black Politician*, a speech from the *Congressional Record*, an interview with Cesar Chavez in the *Christian Century*, and a dozen articles from periodicals as diverse as the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Journal of Applied Behavioral Science*.

MSS secured reprint permissions from the various authors, added a table of contents and preface by Professor Garcia, and published a 224-page soft-cover edition in six weeks. To date the book has gone through two printings, which is about the average for MSS publications. Xerox uses a different system that is somewhat easier for the professor: it issues three catalogues (in psychology, sociology and economics) listing 1,000 or more articles and other materials from which he can pick what he likes; he can then add to the book up to 20% of his own material. Simon & Schuster combines both methods, soliciting the professor's choices but also offering work that it has already collected on its own.

Demand publishing is not without its problems—reprint rights are not always available, and color printing does not reproduce well—but there are marked advantages. A professor can put together even the most esoteric materials—*The Target of Health in Ethiopia*, for example—at a cost of only about 2.5¢ per page. A 150-page book can therefore be sold profitably for \$5 in editions as small as 100 copies, whereas standard textbooks need sales of 5,000 copies or more to break even. Demand textbooks can also be produced in as little as six weeks (compared with two years for standard books), so they can easily be kept up to date.

Demand publishing is still only a tiny part of the \$360 million-a-year textbook business, but with its speed and flexibility, it offers remarkable possibilities. Xerox, which says that it does not expect to make any profit from such books for four or five years, estimates that demand publishing may eventually generate sales of \$40 million.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

High at the Hyatt

Many hotels would rather entertain a cyclone in their corridors than be patronized by a freewheeling rock group and its entourage. But Los Angeles' Continental Hyatt House, located on the Sunset Strip within minutes of no fewer than 32 record companies, has decided to take advantage of its location by welcoming—and indulging—pop musicians. The result, according to TIME's David DeVoss, is that the garish, twelve-story hotel has become a psychedelic pantheon for anybody seeking a Woodstock ambience with a bacchanalian bounce. DeVoss's report:

Members of the Led Zeppelin toss ice cubes out the windows at passing police cruisers and dunk mink-clad women in the swimming pool. Alice Cooper's roadies play nude football in the hallway. The J. Geils Band stages mustard and ketchup orgies in its rooms. Instead of tearing their hair, the hotel's youthful staff (average age: 24) smile benignly. The expanded room service is designed to cater to pimpled artists who prefer milkshakes with their chateaubriands. The crazy has become commonplace that during an Electric Light Orchestra party recently, a zonked-out groupie was propped up in the corner of an elevator and rode up and down for 90 minutes before her presence was reported.

"This place knows what we're involved in," says Joe Schaffner, road manager for the Temptations. Adds Ian Lloyd, lead singer for the Stories: "They make you feel a lot less paranoid than other hotels." The Hyatt's three-man security force is instructed to go easy on questioning or searching guests (and the guests' guests), no matter how strange they look or act. Says Security Chief Richard Wells: "Occasionally we'll find some lovers on the stairs or a naked girl running down the hall. We step in then because our 80-year-old guests might have a heart attack."

Perhaps, but few of the Hyatt's conventional clientele of tourists and Japanese businessmen seem to mind. "A few months ago, when Humble Pie was here, two gray-haired ladies from Omaha were staying in the hotel," recalls Night Desk Clerk Jim Ralston. "They took naps in the afternoon so they could sit up at night and watch the circus. They just sat, chattered and poked each other in the ribs in amazement." Between the circus and the onlookers, the Hyatt is enjoying an 82% oc-





Typical characters at Continental Hyatt House: teen-age groupie (above); member of Bar-Kays song group (left); transvestite underground film actor "Miss Divine" and friend (middle left); two men outside entrance (bottom left).

occupancy rate, 17% higher than the national hotel average. (Rates: from \$21.50 per room to \$1,100 for the entire floor that some groups require.)

There are problems along with the prosperity, however. The restaurant's coffee cream has been laced with LSD from time to time; coke at the Hyatt comes in powder form as often as liquid; people occasionally collapse in the hotel's public bathrooms from one kind of overdose or another. Last year alone, 40 police busts and 65 citizen's arrests were made on the premises.

Then there are damages. Some of the Hyatt's rooms have been repainted more times than the *Queen Mary*. During a recent stay, Led Zeppelin surpassed its 1972 record of \$1,700 by racking up \$2,500 in damages—destroying paintings, soiling walls, submerging four stereos in bathtubs, and reportedly holding motorcycle races in a corridor. But, like Joe Cocker, who ruined a carpet last spring by stomping his birthday cake into the fabric, the musicians smoothed things over by paying the tab immediately. "Most of these groups just don't worry about damages," sighs Hyatt Manager Lou Wilson. "If I could draw 18,000 people at \$7 a ticket, maybe I wouldn't either."

Not all the Hyatt's excitement is inside the building. Whenever rock groups are in residence, flocks of pubescent groups fling themselves against the smudged glass doors, seeking a way to infiltrate the building. Says Security Chief Wells: "We have to be on constant alert for them, moving all the time, sometimes tracking them by smell, since they all have the odor of burning rope."

Many of the girls are well-known Sunset Strip characters with names like

Sable Starr or Lori Lightning, and their accoutrements are kookier than their names: glitter makeup, an electric Afro pierced by a long-stemmed rose, extremely low-cut dungarees with two suspenders to cover the nipples. The gay and transvestite crowds attracted by performers like Alice Cooper and David Bowie have included one fan dressed as a ladybug and another as the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz*. Indeed, so bizarre is the show on the sidewalk that it produces another kind of damage problem: distracted motorists driving past the hotel have an average of six collisions a month.

Victorious Loser

Before Actress Valerie Harper got the part of Rhoda Morgenstern—Mary Tyler Moore's scatty Bronx Jewish neighbor—her agent warned her that she was really not right for the role. Neither Jewish nor native New Yorker, Valerie had little in common with Rhoda except the soft, lumpy look of a girl with a weakness for cheesecake, cookies, cupcakes and brownies. At rehearsals, Valerie got few laughs in the role.

But when they brought in the audience and set the cameras rolling, something clicked. "Why am I eating this piece of candy? I ought to just apply it directly to my hips," Valerie would say, and hundreds of fans would write in describing their own caloric calamities. When she had a confrontation with the TV mother, Jewish mothers all over America volunteered advice. In a few weeks Rhoda Morgenstern became TV's favorite wisecracking overweight spinster, and Valerie Harper emerged as a winningly wacky comic actress. Before the season ended, she won the first of her three Emmy awards, for a show in which Mary fixed up a date for her with an old flame—who showed up with his wife. Said Rhoda: "I'd like to introduce you to my date, Mr. and Mrs. Armand Linton."

"People identify with Rhoda because she's a loser," says Valerie. "The human condition is one of self-doubt. But Rhoda is able to laugh it off, coming out on top—so she's a victorious loser." By the end of last season, Rhoda had become such a winner that jokes about her weight and looks were discontinued. This season, notes Ed Weinberger, executive producer of the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*: "we've cut out man-chasing jokes." The reason? Valerie joined Weight Watchers and dropped from 160 lbs. to 140. Now, in order to remain a plausibly bachelor career girl, she tones down her striking good looks beneath caftans and kimonos and by appearing with unwashed hair.

Off-camera is another matter. Dark and vivacious, she is in perpetual motion, hands gesturing, expressions changing like neon signs. Her conversation is a catherine wheel of intelligent, breathlessly unfinished sentences about a dozen topics from Watergate to cat

breeding to the weaknesses in the Stanislavsky method of acting. She will not, however, go on talk shows: "I'm not into glamour. I don't want to sit there like a box of cornflakes."

Born in Suffern, N.Y., the daughter of a nomadic industrial lighting salesman, Valerie and her family settled in Jersey City, N.J., when she was 12. A victim of the movie *The Red Shoes*, she decided to become a ballerina. "I was heavy into recitals, a real little dancing queen," she recalls. "I tapped *Tea for Two* in silver lamé, and I used to do a sexy *In a Persian Market* in a mock leopard costume with a bare midriff." At 16 she became a \$61 a week Radio City Music Hall dancer—"not a Rockette; we were the ones in the corners on tiptoe waving ribbons and little umbrellas." Then she graduated to Broadway chorus jobs, and eventually wound up in Chicago with Paul Sills' Second City after marrying one of its actors, Richard Schaaf. Along the way she supported herself by appearing in industrial shows introducing new products to out-of-town distributors. Her most memorable roles: a stripteaser in a peanut-butter show, and a dancer who paraded around a Chevrolet singing, "The mighty voice of Chevrolet rings out across the land."

Five years ago, Valerie and her husband moved to Los Angeles. "Things were going well for Dick," she recalls, "but I just sat in Laurel Canyon sobbing and eating Sara Lee cakes all day." That was pre-Rhoda. Now, when the new *Mary Tyler Moore* season begins next week, her role will be upgraded so that she appears with the star in the weekly opening footage. And recently she branched out to her first film role, playing the Mexican wife of Alan Arkin in the forthcoming *Freebie and the Bean*. "When they offered me the part," she says, "I said you ought to get a Chicano girl, but if you're going with Sandra Dee, then take me."



ACTRESS HARPER OFF-CAMERA
Peanut butter striptease.

THE PRESS

Philadelphia Story

The era of tough competition between large metropolitan dailies has largely passed, because of the demise of many major newspapers. Where nominal competitors do survive, they are sometimes owned by the same company. But Philadelphia is a notable exception. The locally owned *Evening Bulletin* is now locked in glorious combat with the morning *Inquirer*, a link in the Knight newspaper chain. Their contest for scoops and readers has produced some of the most colorful and aggressive metropolitan coverage in the country today.

The excitement is of recent vintage. For decades the *Bulletin* dominated Philadelphia by dint of inertia. gingerly with officialdom of all stripes, the *Bulletin* was the paper of brotherly love. It had little to fear from the *Inquirer*; under the ownership of Walter Annenberg, now U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, the *Inquirer* specialized in police-blotter scandals well beneath the decorous attention of *Bulletin* readers. When in 1969 John S. Knight purchased the *Inquirer* and its sister publication, the afternoon tabloid *Daily News*, he assigned a veteran Knight Newspapers editor, John McMullan, to clean house. McMullan juggled the staff, poured \$1.8 million into the *Inquirer*'s aged physical plant. Inevitably, McMullan's reign of terror created staff resentment; last October, Knight replaced McMullan with Eugene Roberts Jr., 41, who had been national news editor at the New York Times.

A rumpled, affable North Carolinian, Roberts used the executive editor's chair as a recruiting post, hired a num-

ber of staffers from good newspapers. Assistant Managing Editor Steve Lovelady, 30, who came from the *Wall Street Journal* last December, recalls Roberts' appeal: "He's a very persuasive guy. Anybody who can get someone to move to Philadelphia . . ."

Roberts reinforced an investigative team launched by McMullan. Among its coups: a seven-part series on "Crime and Injustice," compiled over seven months with the help of a computer. The series pinpointed inequities in the justice meted out to whites and blacks, rich and poor, and exposed the records of court officials. Roberts also assigned eleven reporters to Lovelady, told him to develop "trend" stories about city and suburban life. Some pieces, such as an item on inflation-frightened couples trying to buy homes while still in their early 20s, have been picked up by papers across the country. The *Inquirer* also keeps four or five reporters roaming the U.S. for national news.

Thinking Young. These changes at the *Inquirer* did not go unnoticed at the *Bulletin*, but not until George Packard became executive editor in June did the paper begin to retaliate fully. A suave Princeton graduate and a Tufts Ph.D. (in international relations) who once worked at *Newsweek*, Packard, 41, had spent four years as *Bulletin* managing editor maintaining diplomatic relations between entrenched staffers and the younger, aggressive reporters who wanted the *Bulletin* to stop being Philadelphia's house organ. When he assumed control, Packard quickly sided with the younger set. He went fishing for new staff, hooked Joel Whitaker from the *Wall Street Journal* to become the paper's economic news editor. Bul-

letin investigative reporting has taken on a harder edge in recent months. In May, the paper's food editor revealed that Philadelphia supermarkets were selling contaminated meat. A story in early August charged that New York interests with links to organized crime were taking control of adult bookstores and moviehouses in Philadelphia.

One continuing story—coverage of Philadelphia's tough and colorful mayor, Frank Rizzo—has brought the papers head to head. On August 5, Sunday editions of the *Bulletin* and the *Inquirer* carried screaming headlines charging Rizzo with using a secret 33-man police unit to spy on his political foes. The *Inquirer* story was copyrighted, leading to speculation that Rizzo had tipped the *Bulletin* about its competitor's scoop, perhaps in the hope of getting better treatment in return.

The *Bulletin* responded in high dudgeon, pointed out that its story contained the names of police and specific details of past operations—both missing from the *Inquirer* account. Indeed, the *Bulletin* followed its story with a series of breaks that drew reluctant admissions from Rizzo, and the *Bulletin* has since borne the brunt of Rizzo's wrath. During a recent excited phone call, Rizzo asked City Editor John Farmer if he would pursue a tip "that John Farmer is a faggot." Farmer replied, "We certainly would check it out," printed the remark, drew an apology from Rizzo.

Such flare-ups have made good copy, but an essential fact of Philadelphia newspaper life remains: neither paper now sells as many copies as it did three years ago. The middle-class exodus to the suburbs has bitten into the audience. The *Bulletin* still leads in daily sales (591,970, v. 455,247 for the *Inquirer*). The Sunday *Bulletin* still trails the Sunday *Inquirer* (663,467, v. 812,277). During the first half of this year the *Inquirer* took a small lead in ad lineage, but the *Bulletin* boasts that it is increasing its share of the market. Neither the *Bulletin*'s parent company nor the Knight chain will discuss specific earnings: both papers are believed to turn modest profits.

The struggle may in time turn out to be one of survival in a shrinking market, but both Roberts and Packard are convinced that better papers will attract more customers. "I think the whole thing is fun," Roberts says. "They [the *Bulletin*] aren't patsies." Adds Packard: "I am very pleased that the *Inquirer* has joined the battle, and I'll be pleased as long as we continue to beat them."

Short Takes

► St. Louis found itself without a daily newspaper last week. Teamster Local 610 struck the *Post-Dispatch* after negotiations between the paper and its truck drivers and delivery men deadlocked. Wages were at issue, but the chief dispute involved the job security of the 32 men who handle bundles of pa-

INQUIRER'S EUGENE ROBERTS JR. & BULLETIN'S GEORGE PACKARD



pers on and off the trucks. A new automated delivery system can do much of their work. The *Post-Dispatch* offered to train the men for other jobs; Teamster negotiators said no, that the men must remain in their present slots. When the Newspaper Guild supported the Teamster action, the rival *Globe-Democrat*—which uses *Post-Dispatch* presses—locked its doors. As other metropolitan dailies have learned, strikes over automation can be much more ferocious than pay disputes. Given the Teamsters' wealth, St. Louis newspaper readers and employees may have ample time to learn that no news is really bad news.

► Only 27% of U.S. daily papers and 5% of the radio and TV stations have their own—or a shared—Washington correspondent. As a result, most U.S. voters get reporting on what their own Congressmen are up to only through occasional wire service or network stories or through self-serving news releases issued by the Congressmen themselves. In mid-September, a step will be taken to change all that. Under a six-month grant from Public Citizen, one of Ralph Nader's organizations, the newly formed Capitol Hill News Service will set five reporters on the trails of 40 to 50 preselected Congressmen. The newsmen will do investigative and feature coverage on the legislators, as well as stories on their routine activities and votes. At first their files will be sent free to newspapers and broadcast stations in each Congressman's district; after a trial period, the news service will charge for the stories and hope that local news outlets will be willing to pay.

► The disappearance of a newsmen in Italy usually prompts suspicions that he was getting close to Mafia secrets and was accordingly taken out of circulation. Thus when ABC's Jack Begon, 61, turned up missing from Rome last July 22, published rumor blamed the Brotherhood. Begon's glasses were found smashed on the floor of ABC's Rome office, along with press cards and documents belonging to the journalist; the office safe had been opened and \$2,000 was missing. Begon's name was on the passenger list of a morning flight to Palermo, Sicily—a Mafia center—and his car was found parked at the airport. There the trail stopped. But Italian police soon grew suspicious. Although Begon had once contributed to an ABC radio broadcast on the Mafia, ABC Mediterranean Bureau Chief Barrie Dunsmore said that "Jack had no assignment having to do with the Mafia or Palermo." The broken glasses turned out to have dated from 1948. Begon surfaced in Rome last week, told skeptical police that he had indeed been kidnapped by the Mafia, spirited to the U.S. and released only after he had promised to steer clear of future Mafia stories. After a brief hospitalization, Begon was hustled off to jail, formally charged with embezzlement and fabricating a crime.

When to Confess

Anyone who grew up Roman Catholic can remember the opening formula: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned." Many also remember anxious days as seven-year-olds, learning what to say after those words, when they would kneel in the blackness of a narrow cubicle and talk to a shadowy figure behind a grille "I disobeyed my parents"; "I told a lie"; "I said a bad word." The ritual was required. Without it one would not be permitted to reach the bright day of his first Holy Communion. Later, if one went on in parochial school, it became a schoolday habit: the herd march into the pews for an afternoon of fidgeting or perhaps nervously inventing sins, waiting for one's turn in the dark confessional and the familiar—if not quite inevitable—"three Our Fathers; three Hail Marys." Sometimes the occasion happened to coincide with real sorrow, and even when it did not, the voice behind the screen was usually kind. But too many, too often, confessing became just a routine.

Thus, for roughly half a century, young Catholics were initiated into the sacrament of penance and its promise of forgiveness from God. The results, many Catholic educators agree, were often disastrous. Some young penitents became haunted by the fear of mortal sin and going to hell. Others developed false consciences, accusing themselves of sins that were only the harmless exuberances of a child. Still others dreaded the whole experience so fiercely that they gave it up for good as soon as they were able to. Those who continued to receive the sacrament were sometimes spiritually stunted, unable to go beyond the rote recitation of childhood formulas: veteran confessors recall adults as old as 65 who still confessed to disobeying their parents, even after the parents were dead. Even those who grew into a healthier understanding of the sacrament often consciously tied it to the sacrament of the Eucharist, feeling unworthy to receive Communion without confession (which is required only once a year, for those in serious sin). Explains the chancellor of a California diocese: "It was a case of too much, too soon."

To avoid such problems, some religious educators began, as far back as World War II, to suggest a separation between the child's first encounters with the two sacraments. A Dutch bishop was apparently the first to put the idea into practice, nine years ago, and a number of bishops in the U.S. and Canada adopted the innovation during the late 1960s. First Communion continued to be given at about the age of seven, or even earlier, when the child could understand the difference between ordinary bread and the sacred bread of the

Eucharist. Confession, on the other hand, was introduced later, with more extended preparation; most children involved in such experimental programs did not make their first confession before the age of nine. The practice was well established in 1971 when U.S. bishops asked for, and got, Vatican approval for a two-year experiment.

One important influence behind the change was the work of such developmental psychologists as Jean Piaget and Lawrence Kohlberg, whose studies discerned a number of stages in a child's in-



BRADFORD ELLIS

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY IN CONFESSIONAL
"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

tellectual and moral growth. Though a child might have a rudimentary sense of right and wrong at the traditional "age of reason," seven, the studies seemed to indicate that he did not develop a sense of personal sin until nine or ten.

Despite such reasoning, the Vatican has now ordered an end to the promising experiment, and the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S.—where some 90 out of 162 dioceses have adopted the new approach—is in an uproar. A decree jointly issued in July by the Sacred Congregation for the Clergy and the Sacred Congregation for the Discipline of the Sacraments ruled that dioceses must immediately return to the traditional order of the sacraments.

The Vatican's protagonist in the argument is the prefect of the Congregation for the Clergy, American John

RELIGION

Cardinal Wright. Essentially, Wright has argued, children should not be treated like "little tots" but like "little men," whose consciences need careful formation at an early age. The proper age, said Wright, was about seven. Confession then, Wright argued, might "save the person at his roots" by correcting bad habits that "could jeopardize forever [his] recuperating capacity."

Wright's opponents concede—indeed insist—that confession must never be denied to a child who is ready for it. But they also maintain that a child cannot be required to receive the sacrament unless he is conscious of serious sin. Jesuit Francis Buckley of the University of San Francisco points out that canon law itself defines the age of reason differently for the reception of the Eucharist and penance.

The Vatican decree on the subject sharpens rather than closes the debate. While most U.S. dioceses headed by cardinals or other high-ranking prelates decided to adhere to the new directive—Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis-St. Paul among them—others were conspicuously silent or obviously playing for time. Baltimore's archdiocese tempered the Vatican order with newer insights by directing that preparation for the two sacraments be kept separate, but that children at least be offered the opportunity to receive both sacraments at the age of reason.

Some prelates were plainly outraged. Bishop Joseph L. Hogan of Rochester, N.Y., wrote a "concerned" pastoral letter telling his parishes to withhold action until "new guidelines" were issued. Hogan added that he expected "some exciting dialogue and confrontation on the issue at the U.S. bishops' meeting this fall." And in an even stronger pastoral message, Bishop Charles Buswell of Pueblo, Colo., wrote: "I am convinced that the reception of first Communion before first confession is based on good theology, is rooted in solid findings of the behavioral sciences, and is excellent pastoral practice." In his diocese, said Buswell, the practice will continue to be allowed until the Vatican's decree can receive the "mature consideration" of U.S. bishops and educators.

Tidings

► Is a touch of madness one of the hazards of the parson's profession? It may be, at least among the Presbyterian ministers in the straitlaced Church of Scotland. A recent study of a representative sampling of the church's clergymen claims that fully 68% suffer from "mental, psychoneurotic and personality disorders." Dr. Hugh A. Eadie, a young Presbyterian minister from Australia, made the findings while at the University of Edinburgh, as part of a larger examination of the health of Scottish clergy. The first section of his inquiry determined that ministers enjoyed better health than most other



PRESBYTERIAN RESEARCHER HUGH EADIE

Problems for parsonic personalities.

Scottish occupational groups—both fewer illnesses and longer life. But a second part revealed that many of the supposedly robust clergymen complained of psychological and emotional problems. In the group under 45, three out of four had such complaints. The figures led Eadie to discern a "parsonic personality" among those who choose the church in the first place—persons afflicted with a "guilt-neurosis syndrome," who try to be "omnipotent and omnicompetent, on the one hand, and all-loving and all-lovable on the other." When a clergyman fails to achieve such inhuman perfection, Eadie notes, the results range from simple depression to compulsive sexual fantasies.

► Roman Catholics who have divorced and remarried have rarely had the official sympathy of their church. Indeed, unless the first marriage can somehow be proved invalid, the second union is considered to be no marriage at all, and canon law bars the partners from the sacrament of the Eucharist. Even so, there has been one slight softening in Rome's attitude. A recent letter to the world's bishops promises that the Vatican will soon amend a canon law that forbids Catholic funeral services—or even burial in consecrated ground—to "public sinners," a category that has often included Catholics in "irregular" marriages. The new law will allow religious funerals for those who, "although finding themselves in a manifest situation of sin, have retained their attachment to the church and have shown some sign of penitence." Pastors must avoid "public scandal," however, and can do so by explaining the "meaning of Christian funerals, in which may be seen a recourse to the infinite mercy of God." Thus, while irregularly remarried Catholics cannot join their fellow Communicants while they live, they can at least join them in the graveyard when they die.

MILESTONES

Married. Kris Kristofferson, 36, country music composer (*Me & Bobby McGee, Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down*), singer, movie actor (*Cisco Pike, Blame in Love*) and former Rhodes scholar; and Rita Coolidge, 28, smoky-voiced blues singer; he for the second time, she for the first; in Malibu, Calif.

Divorced. John W. Warner, 46, Secretary of the Navy since 1972 and a landed squire in Virginia's fox-hunting set; by Catherine Mellon Warner, 36, daughter of the Pittsburgh philanthropist and near billionaire Paul Mellon; after 16 years of marriage, three children; in Fairfield, Idaho.

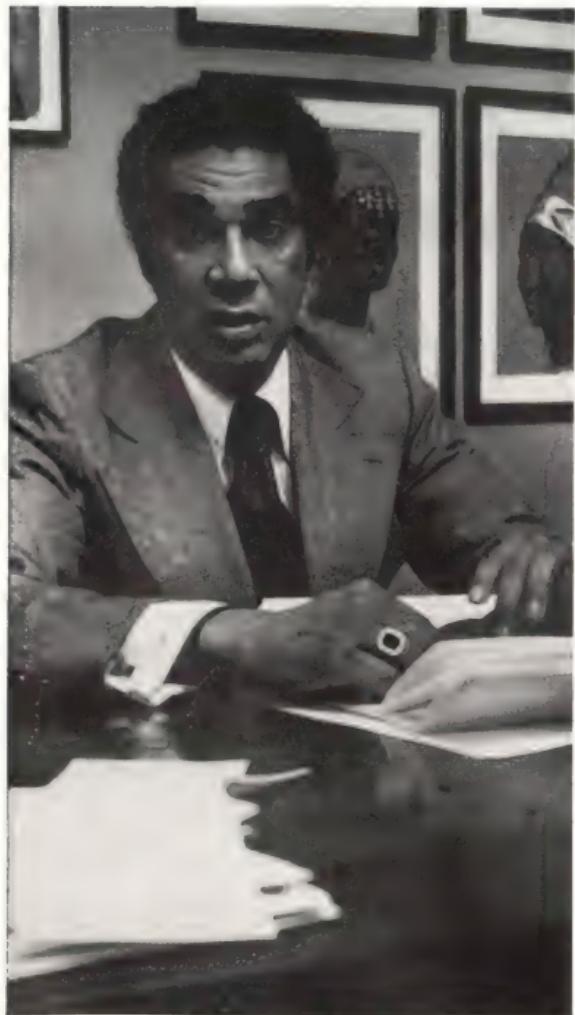
Died. Paul Williams, 34, soulful baritone and original member of the Temptations (*I Want a Love I Can See, For Once in My Life*); apparently by his own hand, of a gunshot wound; in Detroit. Williams began recording for Motown in the 1950s with a group called the Primes, whose female counterpart, the Primitives, later became the Supremes. After leaving the Temptations in 1971 for medical reasons, he acted as the group's choreographer.

Died. Rear Admiral (ret.) Frank W. Fenn, 70, Navy submarine commander who, shortly before the fall of Corregidor in 1942, stole into enemy-infested Manila Bay in the U.S.S. *Trout* to deliver a cargo of ammunition and slipped out two days later to carry most of the Philippine treasury to safety; of cancer; in Kensington, Md. On his way to Pearl Harbor with the loot, Fenn sank two enemy vessels, winning the first of three Navy Crosses.

Died. Stanton Macdonald-Wright, 83, an American pioneer in nonobjective art and co-founder (with Morgan Russell) in 1913 of the "synchromistic" school of painting; of a heart attack; in Pacific Palisades, Calif. While studying art in Paris, Wright read about 19th century discoveries in optics and color and decided to eliminate from his paintings everything but chromatic rhythm and form. Comparing color to sound, Wright often selected visual harmonies by striking chords and intervals on a piano. His work influenced such American artists as Thomas Hart Benton, Arthur B. Davies and Joseph Stella.

Died. Viscount Brookeborough, 85, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland from 1943 to 1963 and a staunch adversary of the Irish Republican Army; in Colebrook, Northern Ireland. Sir Basil Brooke, until his elevation to the peerage in 1952, his refusal to bring the Roman Catholic minority into Northern Ireland's public affairs left his country with a legacy of strife that overshadows his positive achievements.

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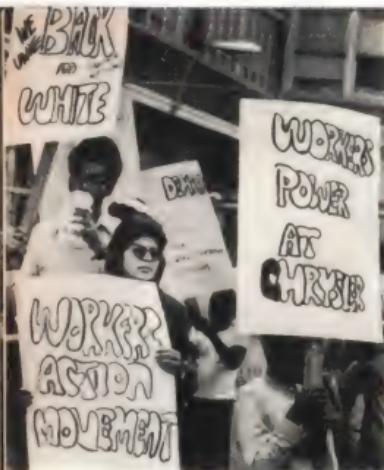
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WILDCAT STRIKERS IN DETROIT



FRASER & WOODCOCK TARGETING CHRYSLER IN MILWAUKEE

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

LABOR

Autos Test an Eerie Peace

In a year when its economic policy generally has been lurching from failure to disaster, the Nixon Administration has been able to take solace from a positively eerie quiet on the labor front. Despite soaring inflation, despite ballooning corporate profits, the big unions have settled one by one for pay-and-benefit gains close to the Administration's 6.2% guideline—and so peacefully that man-days lost to strikes have been running at the lowest rate since 1964. Last week, however, negotiators began moving to the biggest test of whether this serenity can endure. Beaming in front of a brocade curtain in a Milwaukee hotel, United Auto Workers President Leonard Woodcock announced the union's choice of a strike target when contracts expire Sept. 14: Chrysler.

The choice seemed a somewhat, though not totally, reassuring sign that a crippling strike or an inflationary wage settlement will be avoided. The most obvious reason for the selection was simply that Chrysler's turn had come. General Motors was the target the last time around in 1970; Ford had been up the time before, in 1967. Chrysler also would be more financially vulnerable than either GM or Ford to a strike that left its rivals free to go on making cars.

Union leaders, however, said that the biggest reason for the choice was that they are determined to concentrate on "noneconomic" issues, such as better working conditions, rather than

pressing for outsized wage boosts. Last month they staged three wildcat strikes, mostly over safety issues and other working conditions. The most important demand is that workers be allowed to refuse overtime. U.A.W. officials say that in preliminary talks, Chrysler negotiators exhibited less of a "knee-jerk reaction" against such demands than GM or Ford officials. Indeed, almost as soon as they were targeted, Chrysler officials expressed willingness to raise wages and benefits an average 6.2% each year of a new three-year pact, though they did not make a detailed offer. Woodcock did not aggressively demand more. He merely said: "I would want to see how they break that down."

Scrappy Scotsman. Still, Nixon Administration officials are nervous. A strike that ended in an inflationary settlement would set a bad precedent for next year. Despite the leadership's focus on noneconomic issues, some U.A.W. locals at all the Big Three companies are clamoring for fat wage increases.

The auto negotiations are almost the last big U.S. labor talks for 1973, but next year union leaders will negotiate new contracts covering about 3.4 million workers in major industries. That makes the bargaining calendar lighter than this year, when 4.6 million unionists had contracts expire, but still far from a snap. The contracts to be signed in 1974 include those covering the steel industry, one of the traditional pacesetters for U.S. wages.

So far, wage hikes have been kept down by two factors. First, most unions negotiating this year have been coming off big three-year contracts that until very recently kept members' pay rising faster than prices. Second, there have been corrections in wage disparities that a few years ago caused some unions to grumble that other unions—and even nonunion men—were outdistancing them in pay gains. Washington officials fear, however, that food-price inflation from now on will weigh more heavily in unionists' minds. Last week's news did nothing to dispel that fear. The Government reported that the consumer food-price index for July jumped 8%, even though prices supposedly were frozen. And Treasury Secretary George Shultz warned that the August increase in the Wholesale Price Index will be "astounding." Even in advance of settling with their unions, auto- and steelmakers are asking for price increases under Phase IV rules; the Cost of Living Council will hold hearings on their requests this week.

A more immediate factor that could trouble the Chrysler talks is the position of Douglas Fraser, a scrappy 57-year-old Scotsman, one of the union's seven vice presidents and head of the Chrysler department. Fraser is a media darling—candid, brilliant and rugged-looking. He was a favorite of many to run for Senator against Michigan Republican Robert Griffin last year, but decided to stay with the U.A.W., where in 1970 he was the losing rival to Leonard Woodcock for Walter Reuther's mantle. The selection of Chrysler as strike target gives Fraser an inside track in the race for the U.A.W. presidency in 1976, when Woodcock must retire because he will be 65, but first Fraser

must show that he is a tough negotiator. Though the odds are against a strike, a number of observers claim that just such internal political pressures inspired Woodcock to lead the 67-day strike against GM in 1970.

Can Chavez Survive?

The sun beat down on the dusty highway until the temperature reached the mid-90s, but the men doggedly marched on, carrying a coffin heaped with flowers. Before them, behind them, some 5,000 striking vineyard workers and their supporters trudged along. Some of them carried the black-eagle flags of the United Farm Workers Union, others a banner portraying the Virgin Mary. They sang hymns in honor of the man whose body lay in the coffin. He was Juan de la Cruz, 60, who had been among the first to join Cesar Chavez's campaign to organize the farm workers of California. While picketing at a vineyard south of Delano, De la Cruz had been shot down by rifle fire from a passing car. Now, at the gravesite in the small farming town of Arvin, Chavez told the strikers: "He is not dead; what will die are the abuses of the growers."

With the death of De la Cruz, and another striker killed only two days earlier in an altercation with police outside a barroom, violence returned to the vineyards of the San Joaquin Valley as Chavez struggled to save the union that



CHAVEZ AT SERVICES FOR SLAIN FARM WORKERS' PICKET DE LA CRUZ.
The union is out of money, and the public is tired of causes.

he had welded together in the late 1960s. Three years ago, Chavez seemed victorious. He had signed contracts with 150 vineyards—most of the major ones in the U.S.—and had begun to organize workers in other fields, such as lettuce and strawberries. The grape producers were still bitter, and eager to rid themselves of Chavez.

This year, only a few of the producers renewed their contracts with the

U.F.W. The rest signed new agreements with the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, which represents the truck drivers who haul grapes to market and wants to extend its control to the fields. The Teamsters contracts called for \$2.30 an hour, 10¢ less than the U.F.W. demanded but 25¢ higher than the workers received in 1972. The contracts also abolished the requirement that workers be hired through union hiring halls (which the growers claim are inefficient) and restored the old practice of hiring from labor contractors (whom the U.F.W. charges with corruption).

The U.F.W. called a strike last April, but the Teamsters only intensified their own recruitment efforts. Today, Chavez's union has only twelve contracts; its membership has shrunk from 40,000 to 6,500. By court order, police kept pickets 100 ft apart, and when the pickets disobeyed, 3,000 of them, including 76 Roman Catholic priests and nuns, were swept off to jail. Now the union has run out of money, including a \$1.6 million strike fund provided by the AFL-CIO.

Another Boycott. At the heart of Chavez's weakness is a changed public attitude toward him and his crusade for the Chicano farm workers. In the late 1960s, *la causa* not only won the support of most Mexican Americans, but it also became a favorite issue among believers in good works. Urged on by national figures like Senator Robert F. Kennedy, conscience-troubled housewives across the country boycotted grapes—and pressured growers into negotiating contracts with the U.F.W. But now, the public seems to have grown tired of causes. Today, few housewives even know that Chavez has called for another boycott and still fewer observe it. Even in the vineyards, Chavez has failed to ignite much enthusiasm among the workers. Most of them need any chance for work, even in the face of

Indicator of the Week

A few weeks ago, bankers were cautiously predicting that their prime rate—the interest charge on loans to the most creditworthy corporations—would top out at 9 1/2% in the fall. Last week the prime hit that level much earlier, and no one voiced the slightest belief that that would end the dizzying ascent from 6% in January. Bankers and economists are now forecasting a series of further rises to 10 1/2% or even an unheard-of 11%.

The major reason is that the climb in the prime has not yet discouraged ravenous loan demand from business. No reason why it should, either: strangely enough, borrowing at a 9 1/2% prime is potentially profitable for some businessmen. Other interest rates have shot up even higher, including those that the bankers themselves must pay to attract deposits. As a result, last week a big corporation could borrow from the bank at the 9 1/2% prime, then lend the same dollars right back to the same bank at a profit by buying a 90-day certificate of deposit (CD) yielding as much as 11%. Because heavy loan demand has been draining out their money, banks must pay these rates in order to attract funds.

Bankers, however, are not the only

ones being hurt; less money is available for nonprime borrowers. For example, money for mortgage loans and for loans to students is drying up, partly because interest rates are lower; the Federal Government imposes an 8 1/2% ceiling on student loans.

The Federal Reserve Board recently been ladling out money to the economy at a slower pace. The nation's money supply grew at a better than 10% annual rate last month, but lately the rate has slipped to 7%. By historic standards, that is still a rapid increase, but it is not swift enough to supply all the funds that borrowers of all kinds want to get their hands on. The Federal Reserve governors believe that borrowing must be discouraged in order to cool off an inflationary economy.

Consequently, bankers can see no way at the moment to get off the interest-rate treadmill. Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, has urged President Nixon to order an interest-rate freeze or rollback, but there seems little chance that the Administration will take his advice. The best hope that bankers can offer is the rather wan one that eventually the psychological shock of a 10 1/2% or 11% prime will finally make chiefs of big corporations think twice about seeking more loans.

harassing catcalls by U.F.W. pickets. Chavez has denounced the Teamsters agreements as "sweetheart contracts," products of a "conspiracy" that sold out the workers. He charged that many of the signatures on petitions asking for Teamsters representation had been forged. Some of his charges apparently had an effect in the higher region of organized labor. Under pressure from AFL-CIO President George Meany, Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons last week repudiated 30 contracts that the Teamsters had signed with growers in the Delano area earlier this month. (He did not, however, repudiate the 47 other contracts signed previously with growers elsewhere in California.) One labor leader explained the concession by saying: "The biggest, richest and most powerful union in the country was picking on one of the smallest, the newest and weakest. That didn't do much to help its image."

Chavez said that the Teamsters move was "important," but he added that the battle was "not over by a long shot." The Delano growers agreed. Declared their spokesman, Vineyard Owner John Giamarra Jr.: "In our judgment the Teamsters' contracts are valid."

Chavez, however, was already at work trying to revive the strategy of the past. He ordered that the grape boycott be expanded to stores in 62 cities, most of them Safeway stores in the West and A. & P.s in the East. Then he turned up at a convention of the American Federation of Teachers and appealed for support of his boycott. The teachers gave him a standing ovation and sang a chorus of *Solidarity Forever*. But whether the activism of the 1960s is still alive in 1973 remains very much the question.

INCOMES

The March to Equality Marks Time

The emergence and increasing visibility of a Negro middle class may beget the nation into supposing that the circumstances of the remainder of the Negro community are equally prosperous, whereas just the opposite is true at present, and is likely to continue so.

That warning from Sociologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan seems to be more urgent now than when he wrote it as an adviser to President Johnson in 1965. Then, a rapidly expanding economy and vigorous Government efforts to curb racial discrimination helped an unprecedented proportion of U.S. blacks to start closing educational, occupational and economic gaps that separated them from whites. This progress recently seems to have been halted or even reversed. A disturbingly large number of blacks are in relatively worse positions than they were three years ago.

These are the inescapable conclusions from a new U.S. Census Bureau report, "The Social and Economic Status of the Black Population in the United States, 1972." Its 79 pages of tables, based on the 1970 census and a survey of 50,000 families, disclose that:

► Black family income is declining in relation to white family income. Nationally, nonwhite families earn about \$7,100, only 62% of what white families earn; the ratio has dropped two percentage points in the past two years. Blacks alone actually earn somewhat less than other nonwhite families. Only 6% of black families—those narrowly defined as husband-wife units headed by someone under 35 and living in the

North and West—have incomes roughly equal to white families of the same statistical profile.

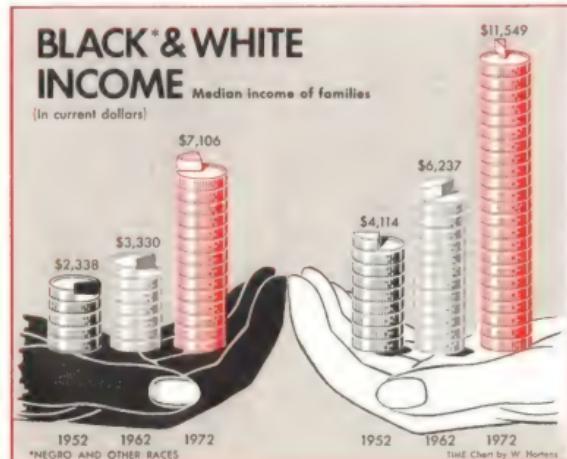
► In an encouraging development, black women with college educations take home annually as much as white women do, roughly \$7,200 on the average. But black men continue to make substantially less than whites. Black male college graduates over 35 earn about \$9,300, or about \$300 less than white high school graduates of the same age. Younger black college graduates do slightly better than white high schoolers, but their median income of \$8,700 is well below the \$9,200 median for white college dropouts. These dif-



FAMILY EVICTED BY LANDLORD IN MIAMI BEACH
Ferentials have lessened only slightly over the past five years.

► Black families are far more dependent than white families upon the earnings of wives. Black working wives contribute a substantially higher proportion of family income (32%) than do white wives (26%). More than a third of all black families are headed by women, v. a bit more than a fourth in 1968. By contrast, the proportion of white families headed by females has increased only from 8.9% to 9.6%. Female-headed families are almost twice as likely as two-parent families to have incomes below the officially established poverty level.

► Black poverty is increasing, while white poverty has declined sharply. Some 300,000 blacks last year slipped below the poverty line (now \$4,275 for an urban family of four), while 1.6 million whites climbed above it.





GIVING A BARBECUE IN MIDDLE-CLASS SECTION OF DENVER
Will blacks themselves be separate but unequal?

More than a third of all blacks—almost the same proportion as in 1968—are now classed as poor, compared with 9% of whites. One reason for the disparity: the old 2-to-1 ratio of black-to-white unemployment has reappeared after declining in 1970 and 1971. Unemployment now strikes 9.3% of the nonwhite labor force and 4.1% of the white labor force.

These findings suggest that Social Analysts Ben J. Wattenberg and Richard M. Scammon have overestimated the extent of black economic progress. In a widely publicized article published in the April *Commentary*, they contended that a "slender majority" of black Americans could now be called "middle class"—by which they meant able to afford decent food, shelter and clothing. By the measure that black scholars prefer, the \$11,500 annual income that the Government says is needed for an urban family of four to enjoy an "intermediate standard of living," only about one nonwhite family in four qualifies, a proportion that has not changed since 1969. More important, the persistence of earning differentials between black and white males in almost every educational category supports the conclusion of Herrington Bryce, research director for the Washington-based Joint Center for Political Studies: "The structural problem—the discriminatory labor market—still remains."

Growing Schism. One reason that it does, say many black researchers, is that the Nixon Administration is easing away from the Government's commitment to the cause of black equality. President Nixon has begun to break up the Office of Economic Opportunity, slashed more than \$1 billion from the annual budgets of programs to hire and train the hard-core unemployed for

public-service jobs, and abandoned the "Philadelphia Plan" and other "home town" programs for increasing black employment. Another problem has been an erratic economy; its consequences, as usual, have fallen with disproportionate harshness on blacks. Says Robert Hill, research director of the National Urban League: "The recession of 1969-70 had an effect on blacks from which we have never recovered."

More important than any act on the part of the Administration, the scholars say, is the climate of indifference to black problems that the Administration has created. Psychologist Kenneth B. Clark charges that the President, by taking a tough line on welfare and sending the Justice Department into court to fight against school desegregation orders, has "made it clear that it is the fashion now to be subtly antiblack." The Administration would deny that vehemently, of course, but it has never articulated a philosophy for helping blacks beyond its inadequate efforts to foster black capitalism and its much-vaunted plan for welfare reform, which it has now unceremoniously scrapped.

What especially worries many experts, black and white, is the growing schism between those blacks who are catching up and those who are falling behind. The latest census figures point up their belief that while an increasing, if still too small, proportion of black youngsters are going to college, landing good jobs, and gaining equality with whites, many others have given up hope of ever joining the labor force. Those left behind may, as Moynihan warned last year, solidify into a "20th century equivalent of 'the dangerous classes,'" bereft of hope and perpetually tempted to violence. Should this occur, Black America would have been split into two societies—separate and unequal.

AIRLINES

Which Way to Jerusalem?

"El Al has the Jews. We have the Moslems. Now we're going to fight El Al for the Christian trade." So says Aly Ghandour, managing director of the five-plane Royal Jordanian Airlines. With a new twist on an ancient feud, the Amman-based, government-owned line is challenging its larger Israeli counterpart for what Ghandour calls "the Bible traffic"—Westerners traveling in tour groups to Jerusalem.

Since 1971, Israeli border officials have allowed foreign tour groups from Amman to cross the Jordan River to the Israeli-occupied West Bank, which contains most of the sites mentioned in the Bible. Many of the tourists are destined for Jerusalem. "We consider Amman the proper gateway to Jerusalem," says Ghandour, 42, who was educated in aeronautical engineering at New York University and gained practical experience as a mechanic with American Airlines. So Royal Jordanian, also called Alia after King Hussein's eldest daughter, is offering Westerners a chance to go to the Middle East via Amman and see both the Arab and Israeli worlds at essentially the same price as a tour to Jerusalem by way of Tel Aviv on one of the Western airlines.

Verge of Profit. The Jerusalem-Jordan route has its drawbacks. Tel Aviv's Lod Airport, the traditional gateway to Jerusalem, is less than an hour's drive from the Holy City. But a trip from the Amman airport can take up to five hours—including a bus drive through the Jordan Valley, a stop at the border for passport and baggage check, and a second bus trip to Jerusalem. The airline offers each tour customer a free excursion flight to the seaside resort of Aqaba in Jordan to offset the inconvenience. Right now, Americans must first fly to Europe and take Alia from a major European city, but the Jordanian line will soon apply to the Civil Aeronautics Board for a weekly flight from New York's Kennedy Airport.

Alia is ten years old and on the verge of showing a profit for the first time; it survived its first decade on government subsidy. Cabin service is up to the standards of Western airlines. Pilots and their crews, once mostly foreigners, are now 80% Jordanian. They fly one 707, two 720s and two Caravelles—which will doubtless be sold to make room for two new 727s recently approved for purchase by the Jordanian Cabinet. The line's major customers are still Palestinians from round the world returning home for a visit and Moslems from Arab states and Black Africa visiting Mecca for the hajj or pilgrimage that every devout Moslem is supposed to make at least once in his life. But Alia sees the growth of "the Bible traffic" as its real future.

ADVERTISING

The Road Gang

Six nights a week at 9:30, Charlie Douglas sounds two beeps on a truck horn, and thousands of truck drivers on the road all over the country cock an ear. For the next 7½ hours, over WWL, a clear-channel New Orleans radio station at 870 on the dial, they can hear not only country music but business information that could be vital. Two years ago, Disc Jockey Douglas—who has never driven a truck, but was fascinated by the big rigs that rolled through his boyhood home of Ludowici, Ga.—sold WWL on an all-night program beamed specifically at truckers. His show, *Charlie Douglas and the Road Gang*, has won the loyalty of both listeners and advertisers by operating as a truckers' call board.

For the price of a postage stamp, a trucker can write to Douglas and get a special code number given only to the driver and the driver's wife and/or dispatcher. When there is a change in shipping plans or an emergency, the wife or dispatcher can call and have Douglas broadcast a message such as "Driver 508, please call in. You have the wrong load." Recently, for example, one driver who had been misdirected from Jacksonville to Houston was told to turn around and go to Baltimore instead. Douglas also broadcasts warnings, mostly phoned in by truckers, about collisions, closed highways, bad road conditions, and speed traps (like the one that long flourished, ironically, in Ludowici). The show logs 4,500 calls a month, nearly 85% of them long distance. Some request music. The most popular tune is *Waitin' at the End of Your Run*, which is usually requested not by truckers but by their wives.

To advertisers, Douglas delivers a specialized market. He estimates that

his average listener, usually the owner and driver of his own truck, is in effect a businessman grossing \$85,000 a year. The show sells \$55,000 worth of advertising a month, 85% of it national, and the majority is sold to truck lines that broadcast their willingness to lease, say, ten trucks from owner-operators. Some large truck stops have also bought time. The Mass 10 truck stop near Boston took a month's advertising and increased diesel fuel sales from 150,000 gal. monthly to 500,000.

CORPORATIONS

Prettying Up Chiquita

As the scenario for an underground comic book, the story would sound unreal: a U.S. company widely reviled in Central America as an exploiter of plantation laborers runs into a rising tide of Third World nationalism. Workers turn intransigent, and profits slump. Then a secretary interrupts a board meeting in Boston with news that an unknown buyer has cornered a huge block of the stock. He turns out to be an ex-rabbinical student who ousts the old management and transforms the company into an empire of steers, root-beer stands and ice-cream parlors. South of the border, he speeds the replacement of *Yanqui* plantation superintendents with native managers and raises wages sharply. Peace, harmony and profit reign.

In fact, that is a condensed version of what has actually happened to United Fruit Co.—famed in the U.S. for Chiquita bananas, but known to generations of Latin Americans as "el Pulpo" (the Octopus). The Talmudist is Eli Black, who in 1970 merged United Fruit into a food-based conglomerate that he was assembling, and has proceeded to change its operations, its image, and even its name—to United Brands Co. The payoff: United Brands has gone from a net loss of \$24 million in 1971 to a net profit of \$10 million for this year's first half alone. Last year sales rose 13% to nearly \$1.7 billion, less than a third of it from bananas.

The United Fruit takeover made 52-year-old Eli Black one of the nation's largest conglomerates, and certainly its most mysterious. After graduating from Manhattan's Yeshiva University in 1940, he turned to investment banking, and in the late 1960s helped combine a group of small manufacturing companies into AMK Corp. As AMK chairman, he quickly transformed the company into an \$840 million-a-year giant by acquiring John Morrell & Co., an ailing meat packer. He then noticed that United Fruit was ripe for picking: its earnings were dwindling, but it had cash reserves of \$100 million and no debt. So AMK bought 733,200 United Fruit shares—10% of the total—in a single block on the open market, in one of the largest transactions ever to appear on a stock-ex-



BLACK SAMPLING ICE CREAM
The octopus reforms.

change tape. Black then outbid two other conglomerates, Zapata and Textron, for a controlling interest, and AMK became United Brands.

Black, now United Brands' chairman and president, has begun replacing the company's aging banana boats with modern container vessels. He has settled several antitrust suits, which were draining the firm of \$1,000,000 a year in legal fees, by selling its Guatemalan banana division to Del Monte. In Central America, United Fruit had long been improving company-paid education, housing and medical care for plantation hands; Black has redoubled those efforts.

The company has begun turning over much of its \$40,000 assets of Central American holdings—which are largely in Costa Rica and Honduras—to local governments, and Black says that in the future it will concentrate on transporting and marketing rather than growing bananas.

Black is also steadily reducing United Brands' dependence on Chiquita. In 1969 the company picked up the Baskin-Robbins chain of 1,121 ice-cream parlors and A & W International, the root-beer chain. Now, he says, he has been arranging joint cattle-raising ventures with a number of Latin American countries, which he will not name. The deals may risk reviving the image of *el Pulpo*; the beef will not be fed to hungry Latins, but will be shipped to the U.S.

For all the diversification, Black—an Orthodox Jew who follows strict dietary rules—is still high on bananas. He considers this relative of the lily family a cheap source of both protein and calories. United Brands earlier this year opened a 9,000-acre banana plantation in the Philippines with an eye to the Asian market. Company executives are also negotiating with a number of Eastern European governments in the hope of getting them to consider Chiquita bananas not a symbol of *Yanqui* imperialism but a part of Communist diets.



TRUCK DRIVER LISTENING TO WWL
An all-night call board.

Sisyphus in Washington

THE LIVING PRESIDENCY

by EMMET JOHN HUGHES
377 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. \$10.50.

Long before the revisionist historians appeared, way back during the cold war, when the U.S. still believed that freedom to spend and freedom to vote were signs of an inviolable national excellence, Emmet John Hughes wrote a book called *America the Vincible*. A former journalist, Hughes had served as an adviser to President Eisenhower. Self-righteousness, self-delusion, lack of humor and inflexibility, he felt, were dividing the world and leading U.S. policy to disaster.

In the ensuing ten years or so, many of his predictions proved painfully accurate. Now, with remarkable timing, he offers a historic analysis of the peculiarly American institution that is being blamed for most of what has gone wrong. In rage and despair over Viet Nam and Watergate, Americans have been urging reform of the presidential power, including everything from a longer term of office to abolition of the Chief Executive in favor of a six-man directorate.

Hughes himself does get round to suggesting some modest reforms. Among them: restoring the State Department's declining power to shape foreign policy, and ensuring that men drafted under Selective Service be used only with the express approval of Congress. His real concern, however, is how men and moments in history have shaped presidential power. The book is not intended to replace classic studies like Clinton Rossiter's *The American Presidency* (1960) or match George Reedy's scary vision of Lyndon Johnson as a latter-day George III, *The Twilight of the Presidency* (1970). Instead, briefly, gracefully, shrewdly, with anecdote and flashes of insight, Hughes invites humane and practical reflection upon the most mysterious and important public office in the world. When the reader is through, he not only knows a good deal about the powers and restraints of the presidency and the peculiar blend of qualities necessary for leadership, he thinks of all U.S. Presidents as contemporaries.

Hughes now teaches political science at Rutgers, and the early sections

of *The Living Presidency* read like notes for a course on the Constitution. There are the 55 delegates sweating away in Philadelphia in 1787, torn between fear of tyranny and the need for strong leadership. They hated the memory of monarchy and feared Executive power, but were encouraged by the person and probity of George Washington. They urged that the President be appointed by Congress. But there was also talk of calling the President "His Highness." Finally, institutionalizing indecision, the tired delegates left the presidential powers largely unspecified. The Executive, Legislative and Judicial branches of Government, as Hughes puts it, were given

16 U.S. battleships out there forever, that was their lookout.

Despite this growth of presidential power, Hughes' book resounds to a chorus of presidential groans and whines. To a man, the Presidents feel frustrated by Congress (even Washington, who once went to the Senate to lobby for a treaty, and left saying "He'd be damned if he ever went there again"). They also feel bedeviled by Chief Justices—beginning with what Thomas Jefferson called the "twistifications" of John Marshall. Unappreciated by the people. Lonely. Unable to trust anybody. James Polk, a modest man who is regarded as a great President (he reduced the tariff and handled the annexation of California in 1848), spoke for all Presidents, and the source of Polk's pique was simple. "I am," he wrote in his diaries, "the hardest-working man in the country."

Considering the presidential prerogatives and prerequisites, a reader is likely to find himself saying "Me thinks the President doth protest too much." But by inference, Hughes' book makes one thing perfectly clear: No man should be elected to the office who comes to it in advance, as Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon did, with a built-in case of mild paranoia or a galloping Sisyphus complex.

Hughes does not mention Watergate. Late in his book, with great precision and restraint, he analyzes the follies of Nixon and Johnson over Viet Nam. Among them: misinterpretation of history, extravagance of purpose, blindness to cost, arrogance, deceit, disdain for Congress and the twisting of patriotism—this last, Richard Nixon's appalling variation on the McCarthy era's theme that any disagreement with U.S. policy amounts to some kind of treason. Hughes points out, though, that the presidential methods employed to get embroiled in the war were almost exactly like the methods used by earlier Presidents—among them Lincoln, F.D.R. and Harry Truman—to lead the country into what later seemed to be heroic and perhaps necessary confrontations.

Despite such dangers—especially in the area of foreign policy—Hughes reassuringly ends by arguing that the presidency, as Montesquieu felt governments should be, has been slowly tailored by a succession of men to suit the people, the country and the times. Any new, radical limitation of presidential power would weaken the country



GEORGE WASHINGTON



JOHN ADAMS



THOMAS JEFFERSON



JAMES K. POLK



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



TEDDY ROOSEVELT



WOODROW WILSON



FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT



HARRY TRUMAN

a mandate to "fight fairly, openly—and forever."

So they did, as everyone knows. But the Supreme Court more and more rarely invoked the Constitution to restrain the President. Congress held the purse strings, but, especially in times of war and crisis, it was slow to deny a strong President his way, and was often ineffective even when it tried. In 1907, for instance, the Senate informed Teddy Roosevelt that he would get no cash to send the Great White Fleet round the world. Teddy said he would send it off anyway, gleefully remarking that he already had enough money to get the Senators wanted to be blamed for keeping

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—and likely prove ineffective. There is probably in the long run no better, safe way than we now have to protect ourselves from totally misguided or unscrupulous Chief Executives.

Except not electing them in the first place. The book includes appendices by twelve ex-presidential advisers. They and Hughes devote some thought to the qualities—most of them predictable—necessary for presidential success. The probity of a Washington. A sense of history and of humor. A sense of timing and drama. The patience of a Lincoln waiting and waiting to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. The ability to admit mistakes.

At the heart of the matter, and what concerns Hughes most, is the shifting, mysterious relationship between the President and the people—as he sees it, an almost mystical marriage that requires reconciliation again and again, from both sides. Presidential popularity is only part of it, and that, like much else concerning the presidency, seems equivocal, ambiguous, changeable. Two of the worst Presidents, Harding and Grant, were enveloped in popular respect and affection. Presidents should avoid being identified—as Wilson was about the League of Nations—with long, unyielding policy struggles. Noting that John F. Kennedy's popularity jumped 10% after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, Hughes remarks with a flash of irony that Presidents "should make major mistakes only with dazzling speed."

"Bulky Pulpit." When aides told Teddy Roosevelt to worry more about his popularity, he snorted: "I am not a college freshman." But he looked upon the presidency as a "bulky pulpit" from which to stir people up and provide moral leadership. With the coming of television, T.R.'s bulky pulpit has been magnified a million times over. Still, Hughes points out, of the two Presidents who have had this great tool for focusing great issues and meeting constituents, one retired from office on a wave of massive public distrust. The other may do so too. "The loss of the people's trust," Hughes concludes, "is the one mortal disaster from which there can be no real recovery."

That is surely the truth. Hughes is right, if obvious, in reminding us again that "the most important ingredient" of any presidency is "the moral and intellectual baggage that each new President" brings to the office. But it is not overwhelmingly helpful to say so without at least reflecting on whether or not men of quality will go on being elected. Hughes suggests that presidential fortunes run in historical cycles, and we may now be due for some latter-day Polks and Roosevelts, or even Lincolns. But a President, besides shaping his country, is also a reflection of it. Just possibly, in the age of TV and consumerism, it was no coincidence that the U.S. has lately elected two Presidents who clearly believed that it does not matter what you say

so long as the sell seems to work.

If that is a gloomy thought, it is nothing like as depressing as the pre-Watergate notion put forward in the appendix by J.F.K.'s aide and speechwriter Ted Sorensen. The best training ground for future Presidents, Sorensen suggests, would be work on the White House staff. Provided, he adds, "it produced a cross between a Kissinger and an Ehrlichman."

■ Timothy Foote

Astroarchaeology

BEYOND STONEHENGE

by GERALD HAWKINS

319 pages. Harper & Row. \$10.

"If I were given one wish by a genie," writes Gerald Hawkins, "I would ask for a time machine to go back to dates like 1776, 1066 and 2000 B.C." But in a sense Hawkins has already had

DAVID MORRIS/BLACK STAR



STONEHENGE IN SILHOUETTE

Seeing a sunrise in 2000 B.C.

his wish—with the help of aerial surveys, radiocarbon dating and a computer. As a Boston University astronomer, he has been able to program the orbits of the sun and moon, then order a computer to trace them backward in time. Thus he has "watched" ancient sun- and moonrises over the far-flung monuments and art works of ancient man. Describing his observations in *Beyond Stonehenge*, Hawkins comes up with an admirably coherent theory: widespread prehistoric populations seemed to share not only a sophisticated knowledge of astronomy but also a desire "to link by astro-alignment men on earth with the gods in the sky."

Stonehenge is his passion. The author argues that the Stonehengers' astronomical virtuosity—they detected a 56-year lunar cycle unnoticed even by modern astronomers until Hawkins' investigation—sprang from an intense feeling that their lives were intimately connected with celestial rhythms. Lunar eclipses, for example, were times fraught with danger; since the arrange-

ment of posts and boulders at Stonehenge allowed prediction of these dark times, the people of Stone Age Salisbury presumably could prepare for them.

When Hawkins first advanced this theory in 1963, critics denounced it variously as meretricious and pure moonshine. Since then, he has bolstered his argument considerably while extending his inquiries to other works of prehistoric man. He peered through temples along the Nile with his guide Gamel, "the quintessence of experts—an Egyptian Egyptologist," and roamed the deserts of Peru with Palacio the grave robber. To avert unpleasant dietary surprises, Hawkins stuck to an "expedition diet: beer, bread and stews boiled and bubbled to sterility." Surprises sometimes defied even this regime, however. In Cuzco, a tea prescribed for altitude sickness turned out to be brewed from cocaine.

With the help of his trusty "astro-probe"—Hawkins' term for the computer-aided ability to re-create past sun and moon behavior—the author has found a "cosmic orientation" nearly everywhere. The world's largest ancient temple, built on the Nile for Amon-Ra about 1500 B.C., is aligned so the mid-winter sunrise strikes the altar in the high room of the sun. More than a dozen Maya sites built around 500 B.C. mark the cycles of the sun, and Chichén Itzá, like Stonehenge, clearly shows the extremes of lunar movement. On the banks of the Mississippi near St. Louis, observing posts at the largest city-temple complex built by Indian tribes in the U.S. (circa A.D. 800-1550) chart the solstices and equinoxes. So far the only baffling exception is the hedgehog of 2,000-year-old designs, including miles-long triangles and elaborate animal figures, on the great rainless plains of southern Peru.

Hawkins rejects the widespread notion that literacy is the essential mark of a complex civilization. Stonehengers, who have been described as "howling barbarians," apparently did not read or write. But, he argues, they shared with Egyptian, Maya and other cultures something more important than a written language: a sense of time, of perspective, of man's place in the cosmic scheme.

■ Alan Anderson

Snookered by Commissars

AMBER WAVES OF GRAIN

by JAMES TRAGER

256 pages. Arthur Fields. \$6.95.

In the summer of 1972, a team of Russian trade officials operating out of a New York Hilton Hotel suite coolly bought up—at bargain prices—one-quarter of the entire U.S. wheat crop. Their accomplishment is still being paid for in the form of appallingly high food prices by U.S. consumers. The deal,



**Growing up
is never easy.
But you
had lots of
help.**

Your first grade teacher who showed you how words turn into stories.
Your high school teacher who helped you solve the mystery of planets.
The moon. Stars.

There are so many more you remember. Good teachers. Who helped you become... yourself.

Today, the National Education Association is working hard for smaller classes, better facilities and professional standards throughout the educational system.

That's what today's teaching is all about...finding new ways to help your child grow up.

nea

national education association
...helping teachers teach.



HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4,66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511
Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a boy girl in (Country)

I choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose my first payment of \$5. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$5. Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

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Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

T1 3880

BOOKS

moreover, probably helped bring about a long-overdue end to the era of taxpayer-subsidized underproduction on U.S. farms. The story of how the Soviets nearly managed to corner the market of a U.S. staple under the noncollectivized noses of agriculture officials, grain exporters and the President of the U.S. makes an engrossing book. Richard Nixon, in fact, is quoted as having bitterly remarked, "We were snookered."

Some of the most interesting parts of the story are still a mystery—"John Smith," for example. In the midst of all the secret haggling between the Soviets and the grain companies, Morton I. Sosland, the editor of a key trade paper in the milling and baking industry, began receiving transatlantic phone calls to Kansas City from Mr. Smith, who claimed to be a British journalist with inside dope on the bargaining. Smith's name and job proved to be phony. But his information on the ultra-sensitive purchases was amazingly accurate, and it helped get out to a broad business audience the story of their true dimensions for the first time.

Who was Smith? No one yet knows. Trager gives some credence to the theory that he was a Russian operative trying to force up the price of U.S. wheat (by then the Soviets had preliminary agreements on most of their buy orders) in an attempt to keep the Chinese from entering the market too. Paranoid fantasy? Perhaps. Still, the Chinese did indeed hold up on some planned U.S. wheat purchases when the prices began spinning upward. Trager, an American gourmet and journalist, is the author of a vast international compendium of nourishment called *The Food Book* (1970). This volume is briefer—and more palatable.

• William Doerner

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut (1 last week)
- 2—*The Hollow Hills*, Stewart (2)
- 3—*The Billion Dollar Sure Thing*, Erdman (5)
- 4—*Harvest Home*, Tryon (3)
- 5—*Once Is Not Enough*, Susann (6)
- 6—*Facing the Lions*, Wicker (4)
- 7—*The Summer Before the Dark*, Lessing (7)
- 8—*The Odessa File*, Forsyth (9)
- 9—*Law And Order*, Uhnak (8)
- 10—*Robbin' Boss*, Sanchez

NONFICTION

- 1—*The Joy of Sex*, Comfort (1)
- 2—*How to Be Your Own Best Friend*, Newman & Berkowitz (4)
- 3—*Sybil*, Schreiber (2)
- 4—Dr. Atkins' *Diet Revolution*, Atkins (3)
- 5—*The Making of the President 1972*, White (6)
- 6—*Marilyn*, Mortler (5)
- 7—*Laughing All the Way*, Howar (7)
- 8—*The Sovereign State of ITT*, Sampson
- 9—*Weight Watchers Program Cookbook*, Nideich
- 10—*Fields By Himself*, Fields

"New Water"

The Seine is a river of filth; yet Parisians willingly drink its waters. The Moskva traces an equally grimy course through Moscow, but Muscovites will soon be able to hold a glass under the kitchen faucet and savor Moskva water straight. The citizens of Singapore and Amsterdam, too, will shortly be able to drink from their polluted rivers. Between the stream and the lip, in all these cases, is a remarkable process developed in France that changes effluent into elixir.

The key ingredient in the process is not chlorine, which purifies most of the U.S. water supply, but a gas called ozone—a form of oxygen with three (rather than the more common two) atoms in its molecular structure. Ozone is formed when ordinary gaseous oxygen is exposed to electrical discharges or ultraviolet radiation; it has a characteristic acrid odor noticeable after electrical storms and in the vicinity of ultraviolet lamps. In large concentrations, it is dangerous to breathe because it oxidizes, or burns, healthy tissue. Bubbled through water, it attacks and oxidizes polio and other harmful viruses, and completely eliminates foul smells and bad-tasting pollutants. When its extra oxygen atoms are pulled away to combine with or oxidize impurities, the ozone becomes ordinary oxygen, leaving no residue.

Chemical Frenzy The French began experimenting with ozonation at the turn of the century, but they were long held back by the high cost of producing ozone. In 1968, however, when the Compagnie Générale des Eaux opened a highly automated \$27.5 million plant in the Paris suburb of Choisy-le-Roi, it proved that a sizable city could afford ozone treatment.

Choisy-le-Roi takes in up to 2,450 gallons of raw Seine water per second and puts it through a series of preliminary steps not unlike those in any U.S. water plant. First comes a "scrubbing" with ferric chloride and other chemicals; then the heavier particles of dirt are allowed to settle to the bottom of tanks while the lighter ones are removed by filtering. Elsewhere in the plant, in twelve huge stainless-steel containers, ozone is produced by bombarding dried, refrigerated and pressurized air with up-to-20,000-volt bolts of electricity. When the ozone is pumped into the water tanks, millions of tiny white bubbles explode into action, whipping the water to a froth. After twelve minutes of chemical frenzy, the water flows into the company's distribution system, thoroughly purified. It is called *eau nouvelle* (new water). Parisians love it.

So do 10 million other Frenchmen in 30 urban areas and 300 small communities, plus an increasing number of

citizens in other countries. This year in Moscow, the Compagnie Générale des Eaux will install a \$5,000,000 ozone-producing machine—the world's largest. Recently the company signed agreements to build major new plants in Singapore, Brussels and Aleppo, Syria. Canada has 20 smaller facilities in operation; Japan has 21, Britain four. The U.S. has only now begun to operate pilot plants, including one in Chicago, to purify its dirty waters with ozone. One reason for America's reluctance to use the process is that ozonation is slightly more expensive than chlorination. Furthermore, U.S. officials argue that chlorine is safer because it persists throughout the distribution process, while ozone's effects stop when the water leaves the plant. But the French point out that the possibility of contamination in the distribution system is practically nil. Paul Louis Girardot, director of the Compagnie Générale des Eaux, has a better explanation for the U.S. ozonation lag. "There is a long chlorine tradition in the U.S. As everyone knows, chlorine leaves a strong taste that probably gives Americans a feeling of security. They know that the water they drink has been treated, that their sanitary services have done their job."

The Greening of Arizona

Irene Sturgis, an asthmatic widow from Philadelphia, moved to Tucson, Ariz., 20 years ago on the advice of her doctor. "It was the best thing I ever did," she recalls. "The air was clean and dry, and for the first time in memory I did not have to worry about oxygen bottles and aspirators." Those were the good old days when Tucson's population was 45,000. Now it stands at 263,000, and Mrs. Sturgis, 71, is choking and sneez-

ING AGAIN. The reason: the greening of Arizona.

Most of the newcomers who flocked to settle in the state believed that if a desert town was a good place to live, an oasis was even better. So they planted and watered thick lawns of Bermuda grass, near privet hedges and thousands of shade trees, notably the mulberry. As a result, Arizona's cities now seem almost as lush and lovely as any East Coast suburb.

Trouble is, they now have the vegetative fragrance of Eastern suburbs too. Unlike Arizona's native vegetation, which has sticky grains of pollen that are carried from plant to plant by birds, insects and bats, the imported plants produce the kind of pollen that is easily detached and carried by the wind. Consequently, the Arizona air is laden with pollen pollution. "The desert is a wonderful place for wind pollination because the wind blows most of the year and the growing season lasts most of the year," says University of Arizona Geoscientist Dr. Allen M. Solomon. "We're just about at the pollen levels in the East."

For those with allergies, the change is almost catastrophic. "In March, this office just pours over with people having trouble with mulberry pollen," says Tucson Dr. L. Winston Martin. Adds Allergist Dr. Rueben Wagelin: "Bermuda grass thrives in this climate and gives off pollen from February to October." Although the doctors are struggling to alleviate their patients' distress, the only real cure is the one Mrs. Sturgis chose in 1953—flight. The plight of the allergy sufferers arouses little compassion in Jack Taylor, owner of three thriving Tucson nurseries: "The pollen isn't any problem at all to 99% of the people here," he says. "The other 1% can go live in a remote mountain village."

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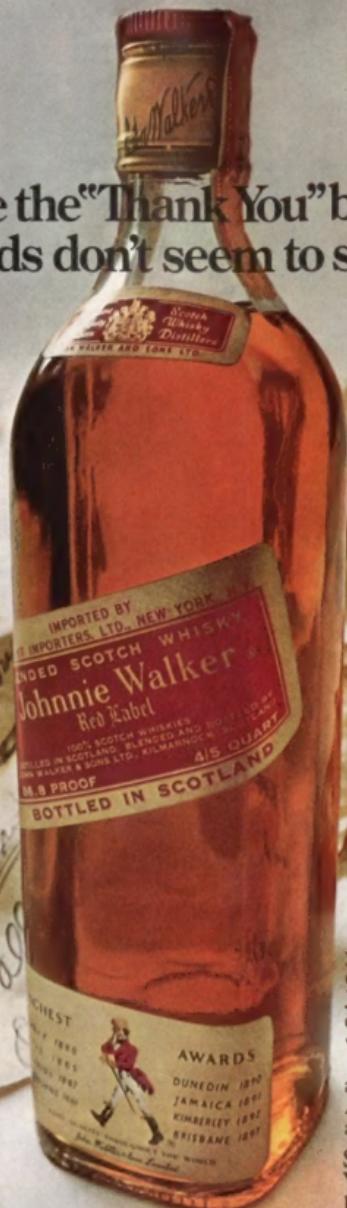
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